

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,524



FEBRUARY 11, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



AH, WHAT IS
WHAT SHALL BE
WHAT HATH BEEN

STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

THE GRAPHIC

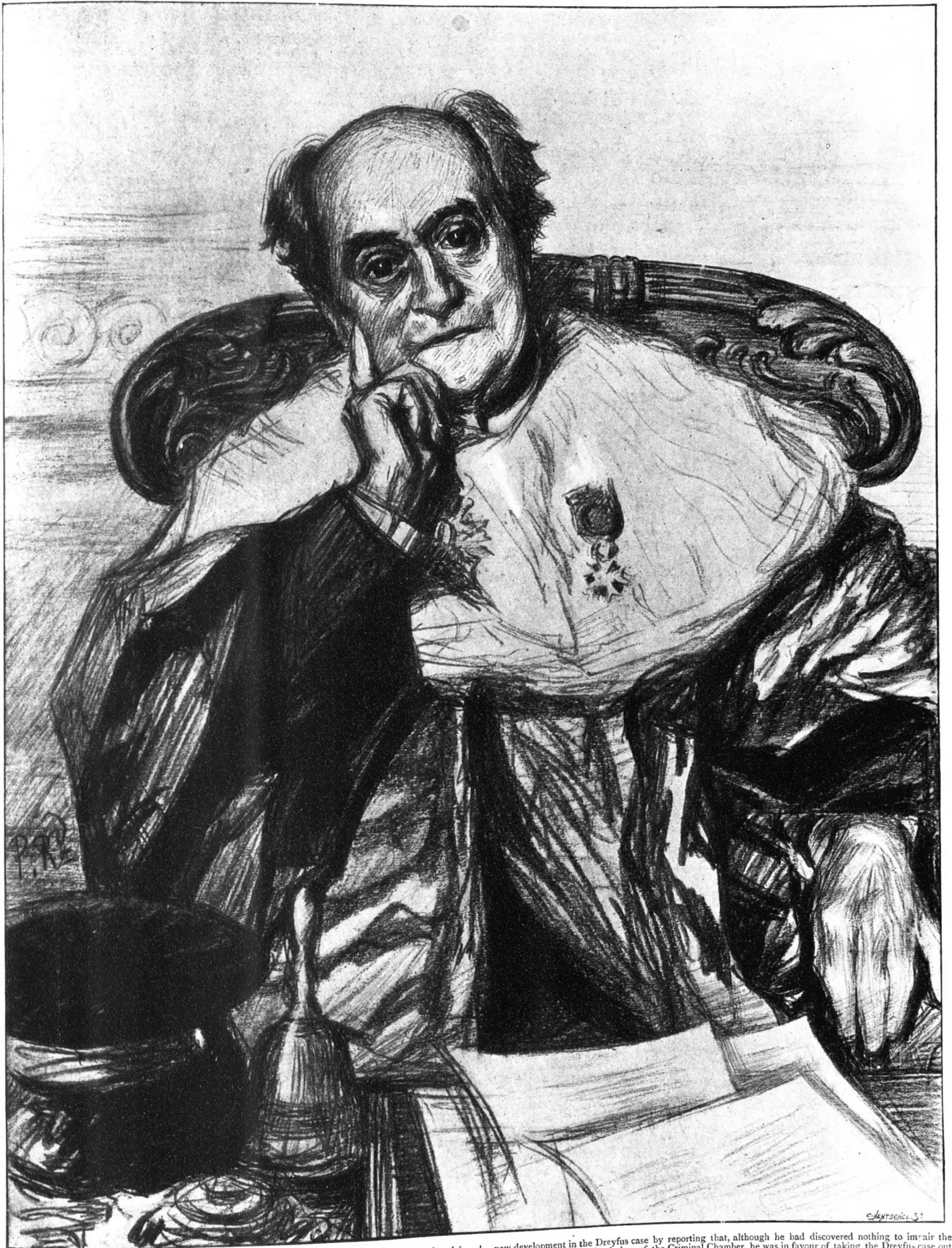
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

WITH TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS
*"Shooting Pieces," by George Morland, and
 "Golden Penny" Specimen Pages*

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After M. Quesnay de Beaupaire, M. Mazeau's name has lately been the most frequently mentioned in connection with the Dreyfus case. When M. de Beaupaire brought his charges against his colleagues of the Criminal Chamber of the Cour de Cassation, M. Mazeau, as President of the whole Court, was appointed by the Minister of Justice the Chief of a Commission to investigate the matter. M. Mazeau brought about a

new development in the Dreyfus case by reporting that, although he had discovered nothing to impair the honour and capacity of the Judges of the Criminal Chamber, he was in favour of taking the Dreyfus case out of their hands and referring it to the whole Cour de Cassation. His report was accepted by the Government and referred to a Parliamentary Committee, which, however, rejected it by nine votes to two.

M. MAZEAU, THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE COUR DE CASSATION IN PARIS

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUD AT A SPECIAL SITTING GIVEN TO "THE GRAPHIC"

Topics of the Week

LIBERAL SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is now in POLICY and charge of a Party which is looking out for a policy, PARTY and his task is to organise his Party and practically to educate it on the lines of a policy which will have some justification in the circumstances of the time, and some chance of finding an echo in the constituencies. The task is, of course, a difficult one. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in a moment of unrehearsed candour, placed his finger on the sore spot of modern Liberalism when on Tuesday last he described Mr. James Lowther as the last of the avowed Tories. It is true. There are no longer any Tories. With the accomplishment of the great Liberal reforms the Liberal party have ceased to have a *raison d'être*, while the Conservatives, with their principle of conserving the *status quo*, have, by a strange irony of history, become the guardians of the reforms carried out by their opponents. But the difficulty of the Liberals is not only found in the fact that they have no longer any important or urgent reforms to carry out. There is a further trouble in the

deal to be done at home. Domestic legislation, indeed, cannot be neglected without imminent peril to the whole fabric of Europe. But the fact remains that at the present moment there is no social reform before the country which fires the imagination or evokes enthusiasm. Perhaps when we have Home Rule all round there will be a chance for a policy of domestic reforms. But will the new Liberal Leader go in for this sort of Home Rule?

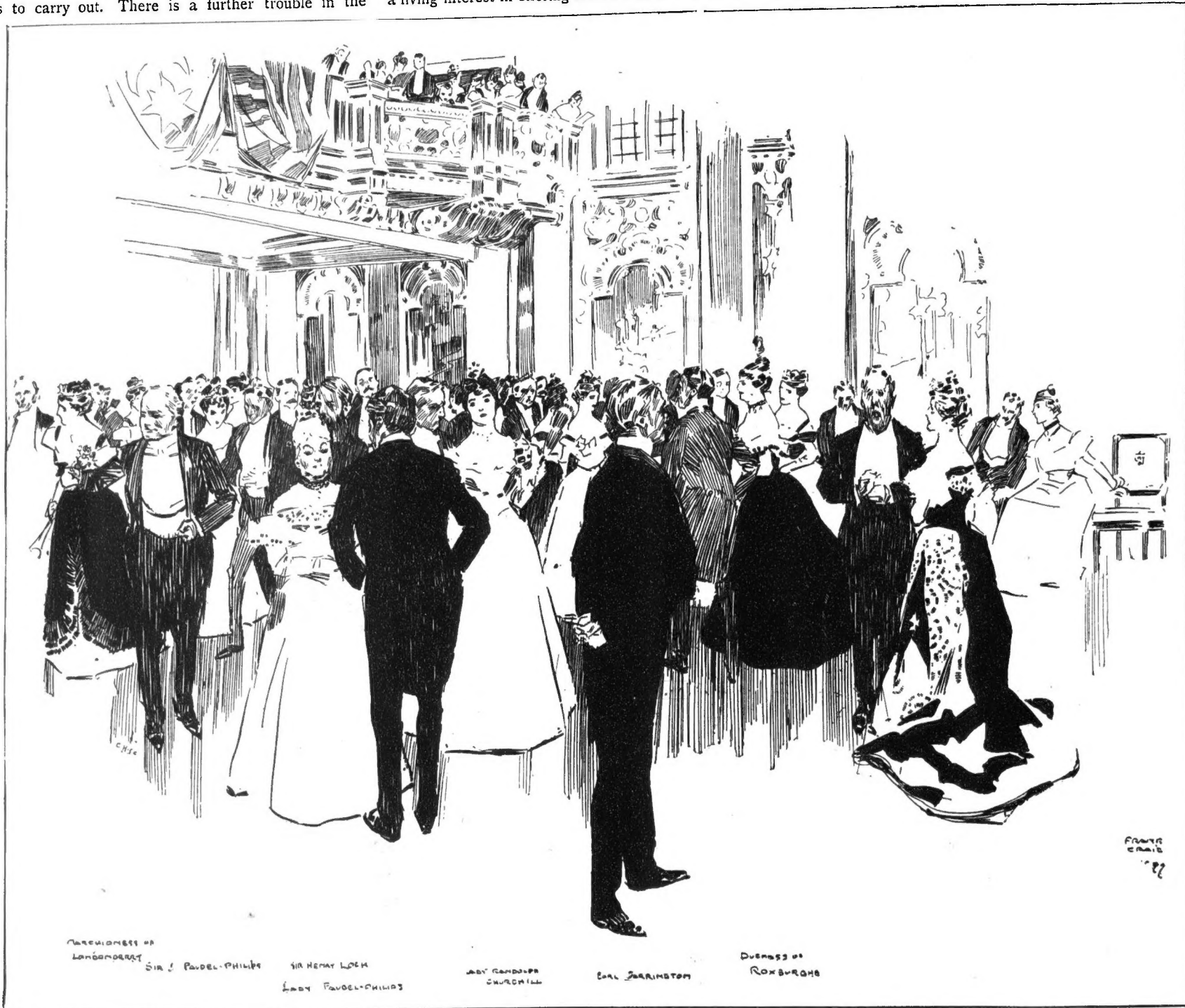
Unemotional as the legislative projects outlined in the Queen's Speech appear to be, there are not wanting some "practical politicians" to predict a fighting Session. The Opposition rank and file will be sure to rally under their new Leader against the Government of London Bill. They are here kindly presented with a highly controversial project on which their numerous sections and sub-sections can fight shoulder to shoulder. It is their conviction that the splitting of the metropolis into a number of separate municipalities would be fatal to Progressive domination, and as that cult is the useful handmaid of Radicalism, the whole party has a living interest in offering resolute battle. The educational

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"GRIERSON'S WAY"

THE name of Dr. Ibsen has disappeared for a while from the programmes of the New Century Theatre Society, but his spirit gives in Mr. Esmond's new play, which is painful and gloomy enough to suit the tastes of the most advanced admirers of the Norwegian dramatist. In its essentials *Grierson's Way*, a drama in four acts, brought out by this Society at the HAYMARKET Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, deals with the familiar problem of the popular ballad of "Auld Robin Gray;" but the circumstances are somewhat peculiar, as in an Ibsenite drama they are bound to be. Mr. James Grierson, a gentleman of mature age, living with his elderly sister in a Chelsea flat, has kept down a sentimental feeling towards Pamela, the beautiful daughter of his neighbour, Captain Ball, a retired sea captain, for the sensible reason that he deems a man of fifty too old to wed with a young lady of twenty-two. But one day he learns the terrible news that



The ball in aid of the Gordon Memorial College, at the Hotel Cecil on Tuesday night, was a magnificent success. It is described as the most brilliant society function that has taken place in London since the Jubilee Ball at Devonshire House. As many as thirteen hundred invitations were issued, and a thousand applications had to be refused. Nearly everybody of distinction in general society was present. Many officers who took part in the Soudan campaign made it a point of attending

THE GORDON MEMORIAL BALL AT THE HOTEL CECIL: BETWEEN THE DANCES

DRAWN BY FRANK CRAIG

inability of a large portion of the Party to recognise that with the accomplishment of the great social reforms which have marked the present reign, the country has found leisure to turn its attention to other things, and that this is the reason why at the present moment measures of Imperial expansion and questions of foreign policy fill the public mind. Until the Liberals as a Party bring themselves in this respect in harmony with the feeling of the nation they will have little chance of rallying their forces—of hoping to capture the Treasury benches. In short, the future of the Opposition, if it is to have any future at all, rests with the Roseberyite wing, and it must be the task of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to bring it gradually and gently round to this view. Nothing better illustrates the preponderating influence of Imperial questions at the present moment than the tone and matter of the opening debate on the Address. Not only were the speeches of the members of the Government almost entirely devoted to foreign and colonial questions, but their critics, themselves, found very little to say on domestic politics. Of course, there is a great

measure will also provoke considerable antagonism, while it does not appear to excite any overwhelming enthusiasm among the Conservative Unionists. Many of them consider that the time has arrived for putting some check on all educational expenditure, whether derived from rates or from taxes. At the same time, there is every disposition to give the new scheme fair play in debate. It remains to be seen whether the Opposition will relish the Bill for enabling local authorities to facilitate the purchase of small dwellings by their occupiers. This looks to be eminently Radical in principle, but long experience suggests that as soon as any Briton becomes actual possessor of property he forthwith begins to shed "advanced ideas." It would not be surprising, therefore, if, on pretence of enlarging and democratising its scope, the Bill were subjected to a good deal of rough and captious treatment. Nor will there be wanting sharp, though probably veiled, antagonism to the schemes directed against fraudulent companies, food adulteration, and usury. These be vested interests, and vested interests always possess wondrous vitality.

Pamela has fallen a victim to the arts of one Captain Murray, an officer in the army and a married man, who has abandoned her to her fate, and Grierson, hoping thereby to enable her to conceal her transgressions, makes her an offer of marriage. This is, as the title says, Grierson's "way;" but there are already signs that it will not prove a wise way. Grierson's informant is another neighbour, Philip Keen, a strange, moody young violin player, who has been driven half crazy by losing his left hand in a railway accident, whereby he is compelled to relinquish his profession, and Philip, in ominous tones, declares that he thinks the marriage "a pity;" while Pamela, though she accepts Grierson's offer on conditions, openly avows that she loves Captain Murray still. When the drop curtain rises on the second act two years are supposed to have elapsed, and Mr. and Mrs. Grierson have just returned from what appears to have been a rather prolonged wedding tour, having with them a baby regarding whose paternity there are some unedifying discussions, not to speak of some unseemly jesting. But the most noticeable fact is that Mrs. Grierson, though professing kindly feelings towards her husband, is manifestly ill at ease. The smouldering fire of discon-

It should have been stated that our portraits of Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., and Mr. Arthur S. Cope, A.R.A., were by Ball, Regent Street, and W. Salmon, Reading, respectively, and that the photograph of Charles Dickens's birthplace was by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.

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DARINKA BEING TAKEN BY THE SPIRIT OF TEMPTATION INTO THE VALLEY OF BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS
THE NEW BALLET AT THE ALHAMBRA: TABLEAU II. OF "THE RED SHOES"
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

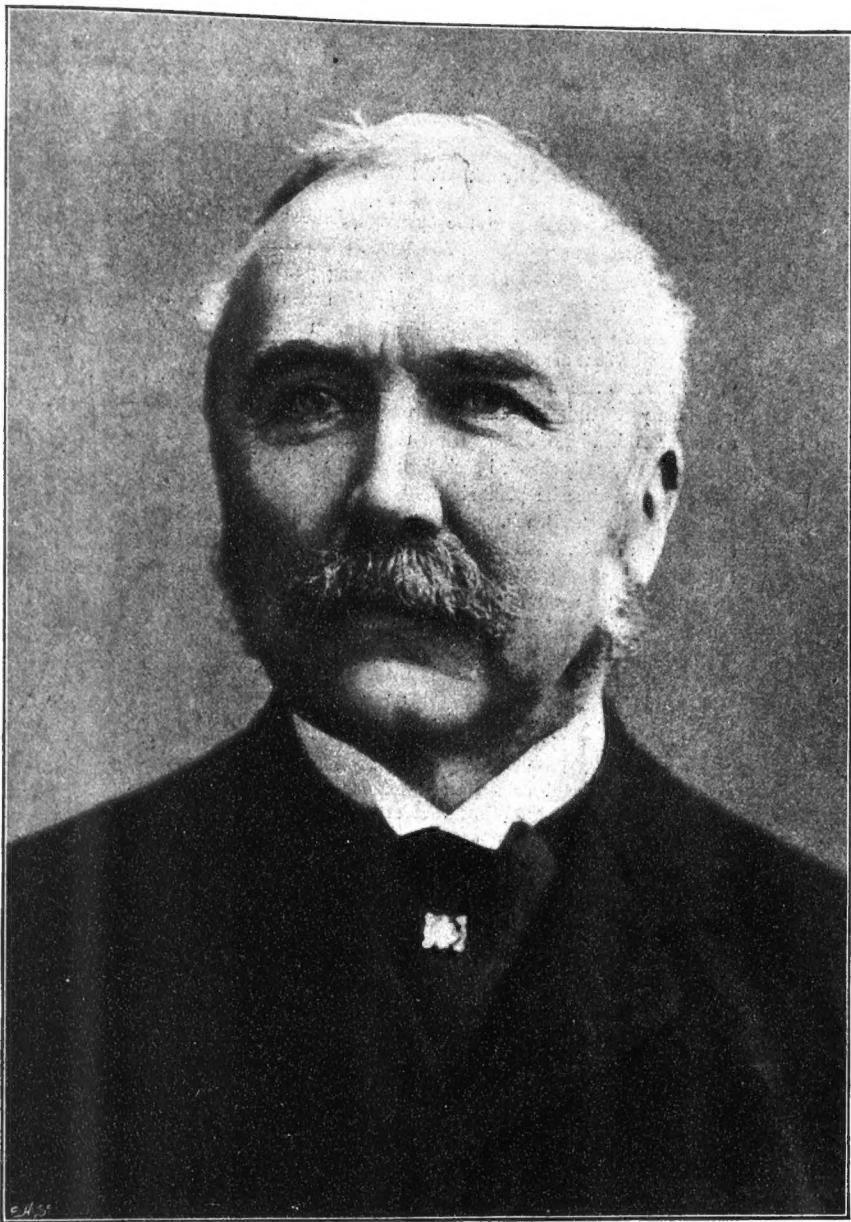


DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.A.
For the fourth year in succession the Rugby football match between England and Ireland resulted in a victory for the Irish. At the match at Dublin on Saturday the English team suffered defeat by one penalty and a try to nothing. A strong cross wind prevailed, and accurate back was impossible. The game was, therefore, considerably spoiled, and became chiefly a struggle between the forwards. The Irish team, who thoroughly deserved their victory, were particularly strong in their forwards, who played with great vigour and dash, especially after half-time, when, although they had the wind against them, they kept the ball constantly in the English half.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN
THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT DUBLIN: A RUSH BY THE IRISH FORWARDS

THE NEW LIBERAL LEADER

BY HAROLD COX

THERE is a story told of a certain Oxford undergraduate who, in spite of his rudimentary oarsmanship, continued to row in the College boat because he was the one man of the crew who was on speaking terms with all the remaining seven. Unkind people used to quote this story against Mr. Campbell-Bannerman when the last Liberal Cabinet refused to part with his services and to allow him to become a candidate for the Speakership. On the face of it, this application of an ancient tale was entirely unwarranted, for Cabinets, like the legendary Oxford crew, are always harmonious, and, besides, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was a Cambridge man. Nevertheless, this malicious tradition is worth repeating, because it is one of the most striking characteristics of the new Liberal Leader. Doubtless the new Leader has a temper of his own, like the rest of us, but whoever he keeps that temper is a good one. It is impossible to imagine this genial Scot saying nasty things of or to his neighbour, even for the sake of making a joke. He is essentially an easy-going, kindly-natured man, and yet withal a man of considerable ability and shrewdness. The favourite phrase about the new Leader a few years ago, when his suggested candidature for the Speakership was being discussed, was that he was "admirable in council"—a phrase which might have meant nothing more than the Oxford boat legend, but was intended to describe the way in which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's good-humoured shrewdness often discovered a solution to difficulties which baffled more combative minds. It is well to emphasize this side of the new Leader's character, for there are still a good many Englishmen, and perhaps more Scotchmen, who imagine that if a man is exceptionally good tempered, he must be a bit of a fool, and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman is as little like a fool as any man in the House of Commons. Nor can he fairly be likened to another leader of unfailing good temper who a few years ago sat on the other side of the House. The late



THE RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, G.C.B., M.P.
THE NEW LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY
From a Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company

Mr. W. H. Smith was far more "British" than Sir H. C. Bannerman. He had not the same lightness of touch, and he was too transparently charged with those qualities which earned him the nickname of "Old Morality." On occasions when Mr. W. H. Smith would have appealed to his "Queen" and his country, Sir H. C. Bannerman will undoubtedly make a joke. Possibly the joke will be a mild one, but there will be a pleasant little twinkle over the speaker's face as it begins to come, showing that he at any rate is enjoying it, and the listeners will like it all the better in consequence.

In the more serious aspects of parliamentary speaking Sir H. C. Bannerman undoubtedly does not stand in the front rank of debaters. His voice is, unfortunately, rather weak, and his usual attitude while speaking does not quite suggest a leader of men. He has a curious habit of stooping sideways, which considerably detracts from the dignity of his manner. It is more than probable, however, that this attitude has been only an unconscious expression of the generally unassuming character of the man, and will disappear now that the consciousness of his own importance has been forced upon him by the unanimous vote of his colleagues in the House of Commons.

The previous career of the new Leader of the Opposition does not differ greatly from that of most Parliamentarians who have climbed into prominence. He comes of a Scotch family of respectable antiquity, the Campbells of Stracathro. As a younger son he had the good fortune to receive a large legacy from his mother's brother, but the legacy was coupled with the condition that he should add the name of Bannerman to those he already possessed. Many journalists will soon be regretting that the combination was not a shorter one. The Bannermans came from Manchester, so that Sir Henry may be said to inherit the combined qualities and traditions of the Scotch country gentleman and the English citizen.

He has been a member of the House of Commons since 1868, and has held office, off and on, since 1871. His first post was Financial Secretary to the War Office under Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry, and



CAPTAIN-GENERAL CASTELLANOS AND HIS STAFF AND THE SPANISH COMMISSIONERS LEAVING THE PALACE AT HAVANA TO EMBARK FOR SPAIN
THE EVACUATION OF CUBA

Opening of Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE interest attaching to the opening of the new Session was personal rather than political. The Queen's Speech had been fully discounted. Successive Ministers addressing public meetings in the Recess had more than hinted at the reform with the carrying of which during the coming Session they had been entrusted by their colleagues. What members crowding the Commons chiefly wanted to know was where would Mr. John Morley sit? and how would Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman comport himself in his new character as Leader of the Opposition?

Mr. Morley early satisfied curiosity upon the first point. Coming down in good time he planted himself out on the corner of the Front Opposition Bench, where he remained in convenient contiguity to Mr. Labouchere, sentinelled at the corresponding coign of vantage below the Gangway. The episode marks more sharply than a written chapter what has happened in the inner circle of the Liberal party during the last thirteen years. When the General Election of 1886 sent Mr. Gladstone into Opposition, Mr. John Morley sat by his side, his most trusted lieutenant, perhaps the only colleague really enthusiastic in favour of Home Rule. In the corner seat by the Gangway sat Lord Hartington, with Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Heneage aligned. They were particles cast off in the rotatory movement of the Liberal comet, at the moment fizzling with Home Rule. To-day it is Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley who have been dislodged by a new movement, and they will sit together where once they looked askance upon former colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's third Administration.

As for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he was literally cheered on his entrance by an unusually warm demonstration of welcome. The cheers, of course, came from the Opposition benches. But there were friendly smiles and glances from the Ministerial camp, where Sir Henry is quite as popular as with his political friends. He had to wait for fully two hours before his opportunity came. The House of Commons has a fine aptitude for frittering away the early and precious moments of its business meetings. Mr. James Lowther was directly responsible for the loss of nearly an hour. For "the only avowed Tory in the House," as Sir Wilfrid Lawson described him, Mr. Lowther is bold in suggestion of innovation. On Tuesday, as on every opening day of successive sessions, the Speaker read and formally submitted the order precluding Peers from concerning themselves with elections to the House of Commons. As Mr. Lowther has shown on earlier occasions, this ponderous prohibition is a sham and a fraud. If a Peer chooses to disobey



EARL CAWDOR
Second of the Address in the House of Lords

tone, felicitously phrased, here and there bubbling with the refreshing waters of humour. What particularly delighted the Opposition was the fighting spirit thus early indicated. Their quarrel with Sir William Harcourt was that, more especially on foreign affairs, he was disposed to let off the adversary too cheaply. Sir William's successor had no such scruples. He talked freely about the "policy of vacillation" in the Far East, the delay in dealings with Crete, and saw in the fortunate flash of firmness at Fashoda signs of conviction on the part of Lord Salisbury that he really must do something to undeceive the competent observer from abroad whom Mr. Balfour had cited in his speech at Manchester. This ruffling of the peace of the evening was resented by some murmurs from the Ministerial camp. Sir Henry, quickly turning towards the source of interruption, reminded members opposite that what he was saying about Lord Salisbury's foreign policy precedent to Fashoda was nothing compared with the lectures on the same lines the Premier had suffered from members of his own party. It was here he effectively dragged in Mr. Balfour's Manchester admission about foreign countries being impressed with the conviction that there was hardly anything England would not submit to rather than go to war.

Another effective point was his production of a fly-sheet issued under the auspices of the Liberal Unionist Association at Birmingham in anticipation of a General Election, promising on Mr. Chamberlain's behalf old age pensions. "Further information may be obtained from any Liberal Unionist Agent." After four years in office, with a majority of 140, nothing had been done to redeem this definite pledge upon which votes had been solicited and granted. The hilarity of the Opposition at this palpable hit was modified by the absence of Mr. Chamberlain. Still it was exhilaratingly boisterous and was to some extent contagious. To tell the truth Ministerialists, not less than members of the Opposition, hail with pleasure any prospect of stirring the lethargy under which the House of Commons has slumbered since it was overridden by an overwhelming majority. Privately and publicly Mr. Arthur Balfour has given utterance to his yearning for an Opposition that will fulfil its statutory duty, which is to oppose. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech as giving promise of movement in that direction had a cheery influence on both sides of the House.

MOVERS AND SECONDEES OF THE ADDRESS

The Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne was moved in the House of Lords by the Duke of Bedford, and seconded by Earl Cawdor. In the House of Commons Captain Bagot, M.P., moved, and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith seconded, the Address. It was remarked at the opening of Parliament last year that the mover and seconder in both Houses were Etonians. This year three out of the four hail from Eton. Last year the united ages of the movers and the seconders amounted to 136 years, giving an average age of 34. This year the average is higher, being a little over 42, the total ages amounting to 169. The oldest of the four is Earl Cawdor, who is 52 this year, and the youngest the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, who is 31.



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD
Mover of the Address in the House of Lords

to this he returned in Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry in 1880. Then he passed to a somewhat similar post in the Admiralty, and next, for a very brief period, he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. In the Gladstone Ministry of 1886 he returned to the War Office, but this time as Secretary of State. He took the same post again in 1892, and continued to hold it until the Liberals were turned out of office in the summer of 1895. With that event it will be remembered Sir H. C. Bannerman was very closely connected. The Tories complained that the stock of cordite in the country had been allowed to fall perilously low. Sir H. C. Bannerman, as Secretary of State for War, declined to amend his estimates, and on a division in a small House was defeated by a narrow majority. We have since learned from Sir Henry Fowler that this defeat was really due to the defection of the Irish, who were already tired of the liberal alliance. On other grounds Sir H. C. Bannerman has never pretended to feel any great enthusiasm for the Irish cause. It is true that, after some hesitation, he rallied to Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule question—"found salvation" was the cant phrase of the time—and that he even invented the word "Ulsteria" to describe the complaint of those who thought it was unjust to abandon the Protestants of Ulster to the mercies of the Irish Catholic priesthood. But that was a long time ago, and in his later speeches Sir H. C. Bannerman has made it apparent that he is tired of the Irish bondage into which Mr. Gladstone sold the Liberal party. As compared with Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is not likely to earn the reputation of being a great parliamentary leader, but no one who has watched his career hitherto can doubt that he will fully maintain the general credit of the great post to which he succeeds, and that his genial personality will add not a little to the amenities of parliamentary life.

International Football!

IRELAND's defeat of England at Rugby football, coming on top of the severe thrashing which Wales had already administered to the English fifteen at Swansea, has raised in an acute form the agitation in favour of admitting professionalism under certain circumstances within the Rugby Union. England, it is pointed out, suffers from the loss of the sturdy Yorkshire forwards, and as the big professional clubs in Lancashire and Yorkshire are fast swallowing up all the Northern amateurs, the International teams to represent England will soon be mere South of England teams. Meanwhile, England's position in International football is slipping from bad to worse. Why not, therefore, admit professionals in the International Rugby matches, as in the Association game? In answer to this question one may say—without going into the manifest difficulties of combining in one team players who are at present playing under different sets of rules—that it has yet to be proved that the loss of the Northern clubs is the chief cause of the decline of English Rugby football. Scotland, Ireland, and Wales have each been the champion country since 1890, yet they do not play professionals; and when England first began to go downhill in 1891 she had then, and for several years afterwards, the assistance of the Northern clubs.



The ceremony of admitting a Peer into the House of Lords is as follows:—He is introduced by two Peers of his own degree, who conduct him to the Lord Chancellor. His patent is carried by the Garter King of Arms, and the new Peer presents it, together with his writ of summons, to the Lord Chancellor. The latter directs the same to be read, the oaths are administered, the Peer takes his seat, and then, rising, returns to the Chancellor, who congratulates him upon his succession or elevation, as the case may be. The introducers in his case were Lord Ludlow and Lord Russell of Killowen.

LORD BRAMPTON (SIR HENRY HAWKINS) BEING INTRODUCED TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR
THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT
DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

the injunction, and cases were cited where such audacity has been manifested, the House of Commons is impotent to prevent or punish him. That being the admitted fact, why every year go through the solemn form of promulgating the decree? Mr. Lowther has raised the question several times before, and is quite in his right to peg away, even to the point of division. But there was no need why, in moving the motion, he should make a long speech, or that Sir Wilfrid Lawson, in seconding him, should exceed its length. They were, Mr. Balfour said, the same speeches, made by the same gentlemen, last year. However that may be, they were chiefly important as delaying business, and driving the Leader of the House into the dinner hour when his turn came to take part in the debate on the Address.

The new Leader of the Opposition was more fortunate. He did not rise till six o'clock, but had finished by seven, a moderate use of time compared with evil habits that have of late years been grafted on this particular debate. It was an admirable speech, statesmanlike in



CAPTAIN J. F. BAGOT, M.P.
Mover of the address in the House of Commons

Wiltshire last year. He married, in 1862, Edith Georgiana, daughter of the late Mr. Christopher Turnor of Stoke Rochford. Earl Cawdor is Lord Lieutenant of Pembrokeshire, and J.P. and D.L. for the counties of Inverness and Carmarthen. Since 1895 he has been Chairman of the Great Western Railway. He is Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorary Colonel of the Carmarthen Artillery Militia.

Captain Josceline Fitzroy Bagot, who moved the Address in the House of Commons, has represented the Kendal Division of Westmoreland since 1892. He is the son of the late Colonel Charles Bagot, and was born in 1854. He was educated at Eton, and joined the Grenadiers, his father's regiment, in 1874. He was A.D.C. to the Marquess of Lorne in 1882-83, and to Lord Stanley of Preston in 1888-89. He retired from the Army about ten years ago, and is now Captain and Honorary Major of the Westmoreland and Cumberland Yeomanry. He is a County Councillor for Westmoreland, and is also a J.P. and D.L. for the County. He married a daughter of Sir John Leslie.—The Hon. William Frederick Danvers Smith is well known as the member for the Strand Division, which he has represented since the death of his father, the late Leader of the House, in 1891, when his mother was created Viscountess Hambledon. He was educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1890. He is a partner in the firm of W. H. Smith and Son. Mr. Smith, before taking part in politics, made a tour round the world. He is very popular, and, young as he is, is Chairman of the Committee of London Unionist Members. He married, in 1894, Lady Esther Caroline Georgiana Gore, daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran.

Our portraits are by the following:—The Duke of Bedford by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Earl Cawdor by A. and G. Taylor, Manchester; Captain Bagot by J. H. Hogg, Kendal; and the Hon. W. F. D. Smith by G. G. Lange, Schwalbach.



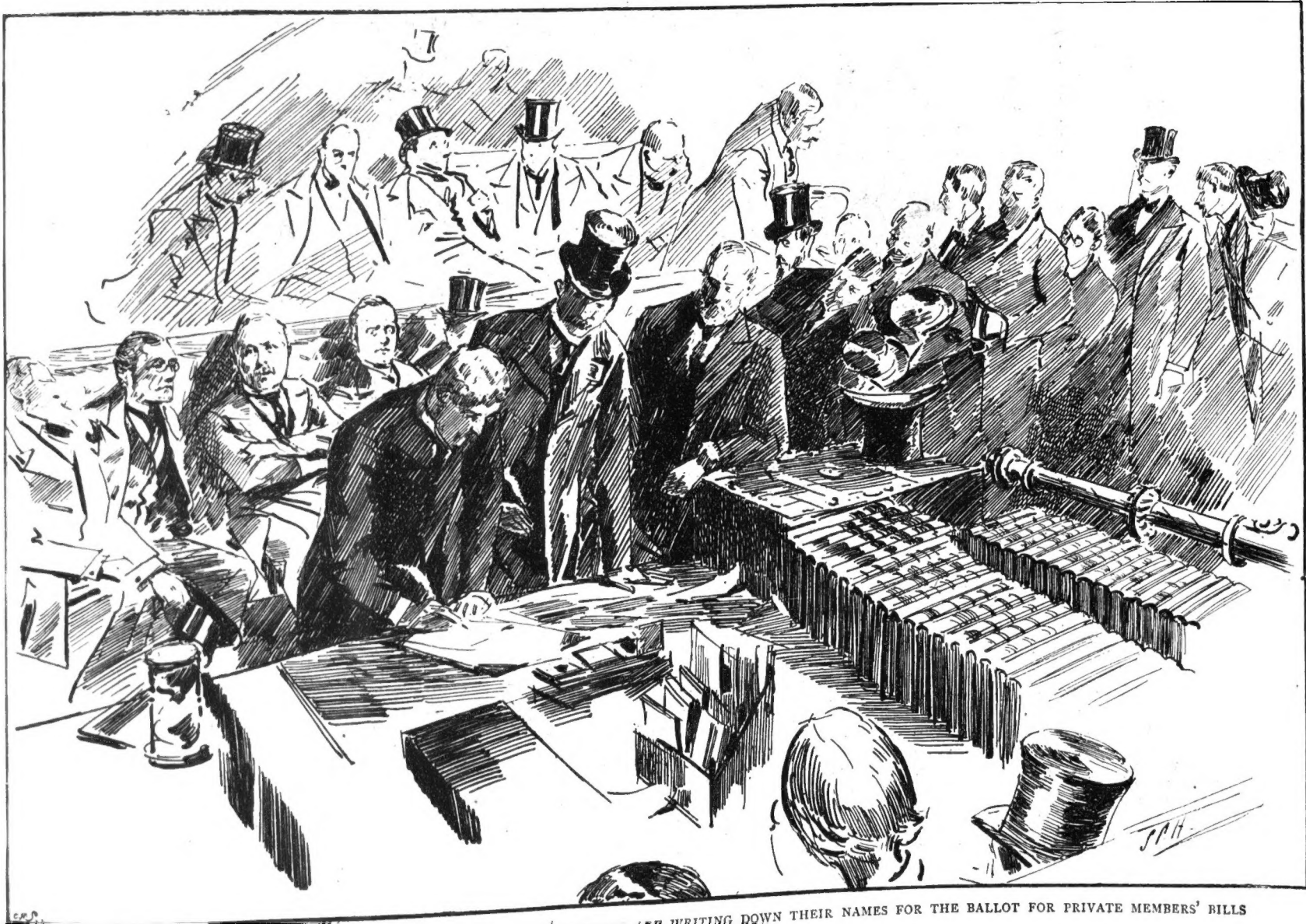
THE HON. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P.
Seconder of the Address in the House of Commons

The New Ballet at the Alhambra

IN the new ballet at the ALHAMBRA the management have set forth with very lavish display a legend adapted from Hans Andersen. The story in itself is of Russian origin, and deals with the miraculous power of a pair of red shoes which adorn a shrine, and cure all the cripples who come and pray thereat. They are stolen by a thoughtless maiden, who is made to suffer for her folly, and with her repentance and the restoration of the shoes to the shrine which has been robbed of its glory the ballet ends. The story has afforded plenty of scope for picturesqueness in the setting, and the Russian and Circassian costumes make a very striking departure. Indeed, from first to last, no effort has been spared to give the pretty old legend a beautiful setting. M. Raoul Mader—whose name appears on the bill now in place of M. Jacobi's—has not quite the requisite touch for the work, but there is plenty to appreciate in his setting. Miss Casaboni, as the heroine Darinka, played and danced with wonderful spirit and expressiveness, and Miss Julia Seale, in a small part, was excellent. One noticeable point is that *The Red Shoes* boasts no *première*

danseuse, though, on the other hand, there are several very ingenious and pretty dances, as for instance that with the very novel sleigh teams. The whole is short, bright, and animated, and from many points of view is an excellent departure from the old lengthy and tedious spectacles.

THE ICE-BRIDGE AT NIAGARA FALLS is always one of the features of the winter, attracting thousands of sightseers. This year the bridge has been larger and more picturesque than ever known. It extended through the cañon, choking the river for two miles, while the ice was 70 feet thick. Suddenly one morning the bridge broke loose and began to swirl down the river towards the Falls, carrying with it fifty people who had ventured on the ice. All, however, escaped, though many had narrow escapes while scrambling over the floes to the Canadian shore.



THE NEW LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION TAKES HIS SEAT WHILE MEMBERS ARE WRITING DOWN THEIR NAMES FOR THE BALLOT FOR PRIVATE MEMBERS' BILLS

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WHILE England has been wrapped in frost and snow the Carnival commenced its merry career in Italy and on the Riviera. The battle of flowers at Cannes was a pretty sight, as usual, though the decorations did not show any special originality. One car, lightly ornamented with red camellias and foliage, displayed artistic taste; a carriage panelled with white stocks and pink carnations conveyed some pretty girls in white with pink hats; a pale blue drapery adorned a landau decked with mimosa. Sir Howard and Lady Vincent sat in a bower of golden mimosa with the name of their villa—Flora—emblazoned in violets on the back; a very prettily arranged coach, drawn by fine mules, contained some officers gaily occupied in throwing flowers; and the accustomed blue sky and bright sunshine provided the necessary accompaniments. Nice was not so fortunate. A wet day spoilt the entrance of King Carnival, and the festivities were necessarily postponed until the morrow. The keen interest taken by foreigners in the Carnival proceedings does not seem to diminish, and though, to our minds, the affair is somewhat childish, still the good humour and cheerful determination to be amused, of the crowds, form an exhilarating spectacle.

Rome, where amongst his numerous friends Sir Clare Ford is sincerely regretted, has enjoyed an unusual period of gaiety. The visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught necessitated numerous extra dinners and Court balls. Lord Currie, at the British Embassy, has entertained considerably, and proposes to make some alterations which will enable him to house more guests in the Embassy than is possible at present. Among notable English people in Rome, are Lady Amthill, Lady Vivian with two lovely daughters, Lord Vivian, and Mr. Loftus, the son of Lord Augustus Loftus, with his wife. The latter live in the Palazzo Borghese, and occupy the very apartment once inhabited by the beautiful Pauline Borghese. Lady Currie's daughter is also at Rome *en route* to Persia, where her husband is attached to the Embassy.

Miss Flora Shaw, in her interesting lecture on Klondyke, has once again proved the capacity of woman to adapt herself to any position in life. She describes her trip as being most interesting, if somewhat rough and adventurous; her company having consisted on one occasion of three would-be murderers, the nearly murdered one, a police agent, and one or two other rough specimens of mankind. Yet among this rude civilization she met with nothing but civility. The best place, the best food, the softest stone, when stones were the only bed, were offered to her cheerfully, and the same perfect politeness, even to the extent of refraining from bad language, prevailed as in a London drawing-room. Such a testimony to the manners of the pilgrims of Klondyke, who are naturally drawn from the lowest classes of humanity, is indeed remarkable. America has long been known as the land for women to travel in, but such an experience is, of course, far out of the beaten track. Miss Shaw was fortunate in being able to do her fifteen or twenty miles a day walking, as well as any man, without which the experience would have been impossible.

Literature, we are always told, is not a paying profession, though women rush to it every day in increasing numbers, but the writing of farces, at least in France, is a sure way of making a large income. The late M. d'Ennery, over whose amusing comedies the world has laughed heartily for many years, died a few days ago, leaving five millions of francs, as to the inheritance of which his heirs are already in loud dispute. He owned two houses in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, besides his own charming residence filled with a collection of Japanese curiosities which he has left to the State. Madame d'Ennery was very proud of this collection, and on one occasion, showing it off to an art expert, she remarked that it was worthy of the Louvre. Now the collection, though containing some very fine things, has also a character of uncertainty. The great expert cruelly replied to her, "Not of the Louvre, Madame, but rather of the Bon Marché," the great *omnium gatherum* shop in Paris. Besides these houses, M. d'Ennery also possessed a charming villa at the Cap d'Antibes, with a splendid view over the Mediterranean, and another at Villers-sur-Mer, a fashionable watering-place, so that frank good humour, quite unlike virtue, brought him a decidedly substantial reward.

Women have no imagination! Thus said to me a large manufacturer who employs designers, of whom the majority are men. Does it not seem a pity? Designing would appear to be *par excellence* the trade for an educated woman. It can be done at home; it is clean, quiet and eminently well paid, but it requires observation, imagination, and a great sense of colour. Persian designs are the most beautiful and the most harmonious. A lady designer should nourish her mind on these beautiful arrangements of colour, but she should also study every vagary of fashion, keep

pace with all the changes of design, and, in short, have her eyes always open, comparing, noticing, inventing new combinations. It is in these qualities that women apparently fall short; it is, perhaps, on account of the lack of them that the world has hitherto produced so few great women painters, composers, and poets. Now, however, with the spread of education and the advantages and liberty enjoyed by girls and young women, we may also hope to see improvement in designing and the imaginative arts. All the imagination of woman seems to be applied to her dress, and yet even here the male dressmaker comes fortunately to her rescue. It is he who designs and invents, and forms ever new combinations of colour and texture.

It is curious how even during the lifetime of the Queen the hours of society have completely changed. A person who had lived out of the world for sixty years, now returning, would find himself utterly dumbfounded. For instance, even at the Court of Berlin in 1837 the dinner-hour was then one, and the supper at eight. Every day, even in winter, the King drove out after his dinner, accompanied by one aide-de-camp. Beyond an occasional dinner to ministers or generals, no sort of festivity was indulged in. The Court life was as quiet and uneventful as that of the middle-classes of the present day in England. Once a year the King gave a *déjeuner dansant* to the Corps Diplomatique, which commenced at 10 a.m.,



FAREWELL COURTESIES BETWEEN SPANISH AND AMERICAN OFFICERS AT THE PALACE, HAVANA
THE EVACUATION OF CUBA

and as this function took place in midwinter it was necessary to shave and perform an elaborate toilet by candle-light. At one o'clock dinner was served, and before six o'clock all was over. The Chinese etiquette seems even preferable to this. There the *mauvais quart d'heure* of waiting before dinner is extended to two hours, but then the guests may leave directly they have swallowed their dinner. If balls in England continue to grow later and later we may live to see them taking place by candle-light in the early hours of the morning as in that dull old Court of Berlin.

A number of new *débutantes* will appear at the early Drawing Rooms. The daughters of the Duchess of Montrose, the Earl of Crewe, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lady de Grey, Mrs. Charles Wilson, are among a few of the most notable. Most of these young ladies are very young, being only seventeen. It is rapidly becoming the fashion to bring girls out, as soon as possible after their seventeenth birthday, whereas formerly eighteen was considered a sufficiently early age. There are drawbacks connected with the earlier period, for many girls have scarcely reached their full growth or have acquired the necessary strength to resist the fatigues of their first season before eighteen or nineteen. Men, too, appear in society and public life sooner than was the habit thirty years ago. This is partly owing to the fact that the university is not so much resorted to by the nobility, who enter the army or go into the City before they have reached the age of twenty-one, which used to be considered the correct period for a young man of fashion to make his *début* in London.

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE artistic event of the week is undoubtedly the Pastel Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. The excellence of the collection surpasses the very best that was hoped for it, and for the first time for ten years or so the English public is able to see how exquisite and charming and ready a method pastel may be in the hands of the competent artists. We have here the best of the foreign painters and the best of the Englishmen, and even if, on the whole, to our countrymen must be accorded the second rank, it is because an unappreciative public has not encouraged them to greater practice. The brilliant portraiture by M. Emile Wauters, the magnificent studies by M. Besnard, the delicate renderings of evening by M. René Billotte, the powerful effects of light in M. Josselin de Jong's various pictures of puddlers at work, M. Lhermitte's astonishingly vivacious "Street Scene in St. Malo," Millet's and Mr. Whistler's drawings in coloured chalks, M. Fritz Thaulow's wonderful pictures of snow-bound streams of fast-running water—these are some of the most remarkable and beautiful contributions that come to us from over the sea.

Taken individually, several of our countrymen bear comparison with great spirit and success. Mr. G. F. Watts's two female portraits, Mr. Edward Stott's rustic transcripts, Mr. Abbey's beautiful Goldsmithian figures, Mr. Henry Muhrman's powerful scenes of river and dock, Lady Sassoon's curious reminiscence of M. Wauters' work, Mr. Brabazon's delicious little essays in colour, Mr. S. J. Solomon, Mr. Rolshoven, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. von Glehn, Mr. Onslow Ford with his clever landscapes, Mr. George Clausen, Mr. McClure Hamilton, Mr. Rothenstein (represented best by an able and speaking portrait of Mr. Charles Ricketts), Mr. Harold Speed, and Mr. Millie Dow, combine with others to form a very solid phalanx which, it may be hoped, now sets forth to conquer the public. It is to be regretted that certain artists did not knock off the loose dust from their drawings before despatching them; for the result of the omission is that in certain cases chalk has dropped or marked the glass, whereby the unfounded prejudice of the public in respect of the permanency of pastel will certainly in some cases be fed. At the same time, it is evident that if the Society receives its deserts, great success awaits this admirable venture.

No architectural painter could wish for a finer or a more beautiful subject than the fair city of Oxford. The subject is one in which Mr. Fulleylove has fairly revelled in the eighty pictures which constitute his exhibition in Bond Street. Few better than he can select the most picturesque aspect of a picturesque building or group of buildings, or record their charms with greater certainty or mastery of handling. All who love Oxford will be grateful to the artist for his renderings of it, but I must be permitted to say that Mr. Fulleylove has shown himself so enthusiastic a colourist that some might hesitate to believe that it is really Oxford which he has given us. The main note of the city in the memory of those who know it well is the prevailing black and white tones of her buildings. Mr. Fulleylove, with the defect of his great merit, has given us an Oxford, not grey, but full of colour, with Venetian skies, and great luxuriance of

flowers, and stone buildings of warm hue. The art gains, no doubt, if the realism loses, and the visitor will undoubtedly derive great pleasure from these vivid representations of college and quad, of tower and cupola, of church and street, of library and garden and river.

The art of the miniaturist is more vigorously asserting itself day by day, and the exhibition of the Society of Miniature Painters marks well the improvement that the new executants have latterly achieved. We still await the commanding genius that is to step forth from its ranks, and we await too—perhaps with equal chance of witnessing such an outcome—the elimination of the more elementary painters in whom it is impossible to detect the germs of future excellence. Portraiture in miniature, if well done, is useful as well as beautiful, but excellence, breadth, and bigness are as necessary on the tiny scale as on an eight-foot canvas. Yet not a few of the painters seem to imagine that the beauty of the sitter, or of the arrangement, is as important a thing as the beauty of execution—absolute smoothness being considered an essential—and that wrinkles and character generally are out of place. There are some, on the other hand, who appear really to understand the principles of fine miniature work. With practice, and the courage born of it, they may do well, and prove to the public that though a craze cannot create an art it may at least encourage well-disposed painters to develop into competent, if not into great, executants, and that those who paint miniatures are not thereby necessarily playing at art.



"Graham's instinct of self-preservation overcame the paralysis of his incredulous astonishment. He became for a time the blind creature of the fear of death. He ran, stumbling, blundered into his guards as they turned to run with him. Haste was his one desire, to escape this perilous gallery upon which he was exposed."

WHEN THE SLEEPER WAKES

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The Wonderful Visit," "The War of the Worlds," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE PEOPLE MARCH

He became aware of someone urging a glass of clear fluid upon his attention, looked up and discovered this someone to be a dark young man in a yellow garment. He took the dose forthwith, and a moment he was glowing. A tall man in a black robe stood by his shoulder, and pointed to the half open door into the hall. This man was shouting close to his ear, and yet what was said was indistinct, because of the tremendous uproar from the great theatre. Behind the man was a girl in a silvery grey robe, whom Graham, even in this confusion, perceived to be beautiful. Her dark eyes, full of wonder and curiosity, were fixed on him, her lips trembled apart. A partially opened door gave a glimpse of the crowded hall, and admitted a vast, uneven tumult, a humming, clapping, and shouting that died away and began again, and rose to a thunderous pitch, and so continued interminably all the time that Graham remained in the little room. He watched the lips of the man in black and gathered that he was making some clumsy explanation.

He stared stupidly for some moments at these things and then stood up abruptly; he grasped the arm of this shouting person. "Tell me!" he cried. "Who am I? Who am I?" The others came nearer him to hear his words. "Who am I?" His eyes searched their faces. "They have told him nothing!" cried the girl. "Tell me, tell me!" cried Graham. "You are Master of the Earth. You are owner of half the world." He did not believe he heard aright. He resisted the persuasion. He pretended not to understand, not to hear. He lifted his voice again. "I have been awake three days—a prisoner three days. I judge there is some struggle between a number of people in this city—it is London?" "Yes," said the younger man. "And those who meet in the great hall with the White Atlas. How does it concern me? In some way it has to do with me. Why, I don't know. Drugs? It seems to me that while I have slept the world has gone mad. I have gone mad. Who are those Concoisseurs under the Atlas? Why should they try to drug me?"

"To keep you insensible," said the man in yellow. "To prevent your interference." "But why?" "Because you are the Atlas, Sire," said the man in yellow. "The world is on your shoulders. They rule it in your name." The sounds from the hall had died into a silence threaded by one monotonous voice. Now suddenly, trampling on these last words, came a deafening tumult, a roaring and thundering, cheer crowded on cheer, voices hoarse and shrill, beating, overlapping, and while it lasted the people in the little room could not hear each other shout. Graham stood, his intelligence clinging helplessly to the thing he had just heard. "The Council," he repeated blankly, and then snatching at a name that had struck him: "But who is Ostrog?" he said. "He is the organiser—the organiser of the revolt. Our Leader—in your name." "In my name. And you? Why is he not here?" "He has deputed us. I am his brother—his half-brother, Lincoln. He wants you to show yourself to these people and then

come on to him. That is why he has sent. He is at the wind vane offices directing. The people are marching."

"In your name," shouted the younger men. "They have ruled, crushed, tyrannised. At last even—"

"In my name! My name! Master?"

The younger man suddenly became audible in a pause of the outer thunder, indignant and vociferous, a high penetrating voice under his red aquiline nose and bushy moustache. "No one expected you to wake. No one expected you to wake. They were cunning. Damned tyrants! But they were taken by surprise. They did not know whether to drug you, hypnotise you, kill you."

Again the hall dominated everything.

"Ostrog is at the wind vane offices ready—Even now, there is a rumour of fighting beginning."

The man who had called himself Lincoln came close to him. "Ostrog has it planned. Trust him. We have our organisations ready. We shall seize the flying stages— Even now, he may be doing that. Then—"

"This public theatre," bawled the man in yellow, "is only a contingent. We have five myriads of drilled men—"

"We have arms," cried Lincoln. "We have plans. A leader. Their police have gone from the streets, and are massed in the —" (inaudible). "It is now or never. The Council is rocking— They cannot trust even their drilled men—"

"Hear the people calling to you!"

Graham's mind was like a night of moon and swift clouds, now dark and hopeless, now clear and ghastly. He was Master of the Earth, he was a man sodden with thawing snow. Of all his fluctuating impressions the dominant ones presented an antagonism; on the one hand was the White Council, powerful, disciplined, few, the White Council from which he had just escaped; and on the other, monstrous crowds, packed masses of indistinguishable people clamouring his name, hailing him Master. The other side had imprisoned him, debated his death. These shouting thousands beyond the little doorway had rescued him. But why these things should be so he could not understand.

The door opened, Lincoln's voice was swept away and drowned, and a rush of people followed on the heels of the tumult. These intruders came towards him and Lincoln gesticulating. The voices without explained their soundless lips. "Show us the Sleeper! Show us the Sleeper!" was the burden of the uproar. Men were bawling for "Order! Silence!"

Graham glanced towards the open doorway, and saw a tall, oblong picture of the hall beyond, a waving, incessant confusion of crowded, shouting faces, men and women together, waving pale blue garments, extended hands. Many were standing. One man in rags of dark brown, a gaunt figure, stood on the seat and waved a black cloth. He met the wonder and expectation of the girl's eyes. What did these people expect from him? He was dimly aware that the tumult outside had changed its character, was in some way beating, marching. His own mind, too, changed. For a space he did not recognise the influence that was transforming him. But a moment that was near to panic passed. He tried to make audible inquiries of what was required of him.

Lincoln was shouting in his ear, but Graham was deafened to that. All the others save the woman gesticulated towards the hall. He perceived what had happened to the uproar. The whole mass of people was chanting together. It was not simply a song, the voices were gathered together and upborne by a torrent of instrumental music, music like the music of an organ, a woven texture of sounds, full of trumpets, full of flaunting banners, full of the march and pageantry of opening war. And the feet of the people were beating time—tramp, tramp.

He was urged towards the door. He obeyed mechanically. The rhythm of that chant took hold of him, stirred him, emboldened him. The hall opened to him, a vast welter of fluttering colour swaying to the music.

"Wave your arm to them," said Lincoln. "Wave your arm to them."

"This," said a voice on the other side—"he must have this."

Arms were about his neck detaining him in the doorway, and a black, subtly-folding mantle hung from his shoulder. He threw his arm free of this and followed Lincoln. He perceived the girl in grey close to him, her face lit, her gesture onward. For the instant she became to him, flushed and eager as she was, an embodiment of the song. He emerged in the alcove again. Incontinently the mounting waves of the song broke upon his appearing, and flashed up into a foam of shouting. Guided by Lincoln's hand he marched obliquely across the centre of the stage facing the people.

The hall was a vast and intricate space—galleries, balconies, broad spaces of amphitheatrical steps, and great archways. Far away, high up, seemed the mouth of a huge passage full of struggling humanity. The whole multitude was swaying in congested masses. Individual figures sprang out of the tumult, impressed him momentarily, and lost definition again. Close to the platform a beautiful fair woman, her hair across her face, swayed, carried by three men, and brandished a green staff. Next this group an old careworn man in blue canvas maintained his place in the crush with difficulty, and behind shouted a hairless face, a great cavity of toothless mouth. A voice called that enigmatical word "Ostrog." All his impressions were vague save the massive emotion of that trampling song. The multitude was beating time with their feet—marking time: tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The green weapons waved, flashed, and slanted. Then he saw those nearest to him on a level space before the stage were marching in front of him, passing towards a great archway, shouting, "To the Council!" Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. He raised his arm, and the roaring was redoubled. He remembered he had to shout "March!" His mouth shaped inaudible heroic words. He waved his arm again and pointed to the archway, shouting "Onward!" They were no longer marking time, they were marching: tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. Those passing him looked at him and shouted their utmost: tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. In that host were bearded men, old men, youths, fluttering-robed bare-armed women, girls. Men and women of the new age! Rich robes, grey rags fluttered together in the whirl of their movement amidst the dominant blue. A monstrous black banner jerked its way to the right. He perceived a blue-clad negro, a shrivelled woman in yellow, then a group of tall, fair-haired, white-faced, blue-clad men pushed theatrically past him. A tall, sallow, dark-haired, shiny-eyed youth,

white-clad from top to toe, clambered up towards the platform shouting loyally, and sprang down again and receded, looking backward. Heads, shoulders, hands clutching weapons, all were swinging with those marching cadences.

Faces came out of the confusion to him as he stood there, eyes met his, and passed and vanished. Men gestured to him, shouted inaudible personal things. Most of the faces were flushed, but many were ghastly white. And disease was there, and many a hand that waved to him was gaunt and lean. Men and women of the new age! Strange and incredible meeting! As the broad stream passed before him to the right, tributary gangways from the remote uplands of the hall thrust downward in an incessant replacement of people: tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The unison of the song was enriched and complicated by the massive echoes of arches and passages. Men and women mingled in the ranks: tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. The whole world seemed marching. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp; his brain was tramping. The garments waved onward, the faces poured by more abundantly.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp. At Lincoln's pressure he turned towards the archway, walking unconsciously in that rhythm, scarcely noticing his movement for the melody and stir of it. The multitude, the gesture and song, all moved in that direction, the flow of people smote downward until the upturned faces were below the level of his feet. He was aware of a path before him, of a suite about him, of guards and dignities, and Lincoln on his right hand. Attendants intervened, and ever and again blotted out the sight of the multitude to the right. Before him went the backs of the guards in black—three and three and three. He was marched along a little railed way, and crossed above the archway, with the torrent dipping to flow beneath, and shouting up to him. He did not know whether he went; he did not want to know. He glanced back across a flaming spaciousness of hall. Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF THE DARKNESS

He was no longer in the hall. He was marching along a gallery overhanging one of the great streets of moving platforms that traversed the city. Before him and behind him tramped his guards. The whole concave of the moving ways below was a congested mass of people marching, tramping to the left, shouting, waving hands and arms, pouring along a huge vista, shouting as they came into view, shouting as they passed, shouting as they receded, until the globes of electric light dropped down the perspective, and hid the swarming bare heads.

The song roared up to Graham now, no longer upborne by music, but coarse and noisy, and the beating of the marching feet, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, interwove with a thunderous irregularity of footsteps from the undisciplined rabble that poured along the higher ways.

Abruptly he noted a contrast. The buildings on the opposite side of the way seemed deserted, the cables and bridges that laced across the aisle were empty and shadowy. It came into Graham's mind that these also should have swarmed with people.

He felt a curious emotion—throbbing—very fast! He stopped again. The guards before him marched on; those about him stopped as he did. He saw the direction of their faces. The throbbing had something to do with the lights. He too looked up.

At first it seemed to him a thing that affected the lights simply, an isolated phenomenon, having no bearing on the things below. Each huge globe of blinding whiteness was as it were clutched, compressed in a systole that was followed by a transitory diastole, and again a systole like a tightening grip, darkness, light, darkness, in rapid alternation.

Graham became aware that this strange behaviour of the lights had to do with the people below. The appearance of the houses and ways, the appearance of the packed masses changed, became a confusion of vivid lights and leaping shadows. He saw a multitude of shadows had sprung into aggressive existence, seemed rushing up, broadening, widening, growing with steady swiftness—to leap suddenly back and return reinforced. The song and the tramping had ceased. The unanimous march, he discovered, was arrested, there were eddies, a flow sideways, shouts of "The lights!" Voices were crying together one thing. "The lights!" cried these voices. "The lights!" He looked down. In this dancing death of the lights the area of the street had suddenly become a monstrous struggle. The huge white globes became purple white, purple with reddish glow, flickered, flickered faster and faster, fluttered between light and extinction, ceased to flicker and became mere fading specks of glowing red in a vast darkness. In ten seconds the extinction was accomplished, and there was only that vast darkness—a vast darkness whose coming had almost the shock of a blow, a black thing that had suddenly swallowed up those glittering myriads of men.

He felt invisible forms about him; his arms were gripped. Something rapped sharply against his shin. A voice bawled in his ear, "It is all right—all right."

Graham shook off the paralysis of his first astonishment. He struck his forehead against Lincoln's and bawled, "What is this darkness?"

"The Council has cut the currents that light the city. We must wait—stop. The people will go on. They will—"

His voice was drowned. Voices were shouting, "Save the Sleeper. Take care of the Sleeper." A guard stumbled against Graham and hurt his hand by an inadvertent blow of his weapon. A wild tumult tossed and whirled about him, growing, as it seemed, louder, denser, more furious each moment. Fragments of recognisable sounds drove towards him, were whirled away from him as his mind reached out to grasp them. Voices seemed to be shouting conflicting orders, other voices answered. There were suddenly a succession of piercing screams close beneath them.

A voice bawled in his ear, "The red police," and receded forthwith beyond his questions.

A crackling sound grew to distinctness, and therewith a leaping of faint flashes along the edge of the further ways. By their light Graham saw the heads and bodies of a number of men, armed with weapons like those of his guards, leap into an instant's dim visibility. The whole area suddenly began to crackle, to flash with little instantaneous streaks of light, and abruptly the darkness rolled back like a curtain.

A glare of light dazzled his eyes, a vast seething expanse of struggling men confused his mind. A shout, a burst of cheering, came across the ways. He looked up to see the source of the light. A man hung far overhead from the upper part of a cable, holding by a rope the blinding star that had driven the darkness back. He wore a red uniform.

Graham's eyes fell to the ways again. A wedge of red a little way along the vista caught his eye. He saw it was a dense mass of red-clad men jammed on the higher further way, their lack against the pitiless cliff of building, and surrounded by a dense crowd of antagonists. They were fighting. Weapons flashed and rose and fell, heads vanished at the edge of the contest, and other heads replaced them, the little flashes from the green weapons became little jets of smoky grey while the light lasted.

Abruptly the flare was extinguished and the ways were an inky darkness once more, a tumultuous mystery.

He felt something thrusting against him. He was being pushed back along the gallery. Someone was shouting—it might be at him. He was too confused to hear. He was thrust against the wall, and a number of people blundered past him. It seemed to him that his guards were struggling with another.

Suddenly the cable-hung star-holder appeared again, and the whole scene was white and dazzling. The band of red-coats seemed broader and nearer; its apex was half-way down the ways towards the central aisle. And raising his eyes Graham saw that a number of these men had also appeared now in the darkened lower galleries of the opposite building, and were firing over the heads of their fellows below into the boiling confusion of people on the lower ways. The meaning of these things dawned upon him. The march of the people had come upon an ambush at the very outset. Thrown into confusion by the extinction of the lights they were now being attacked by the red police. Then he became aware that he was standing alone, that his guards and Lincoln were along the gallery in the direction along which he had come before the darkness fell. He saw they were gesticulating to him wildly, running back towards him. A great shouting came from across the ways. Then it seemed as though the whole face of the darkened building opposite was lined and speckled with red-clad men. And they were pointing over to him and shouting, "The Sleeper! Save the Sleeper!" shouted a multitude of throats.

Something struck the wall above his head. He looked up at the impact and saw a star-shaped splash of silvery metal. He saw Lincoln near him. Felt his arm gripped. Then pat, pat; he had been missed twice.

For a moment he did not understand this. The street was hidden, everything was hidden, as he looked. The second flare had burned out.

Lincoln had gripped Graham by the arm, was lugging him along the gallery. "Before the next light!" he cried. His haste was contagious. Graham's instinct of self-preservation overcame the paralysis of his incredulous astonishment. He became for a time the blind creature of the fear of death. He ran, stumbling because of the uncertainty of the darkness, blundered into his guards as they turned to run with him. Haste was his one desire, to escape this perilous gallery upon which he was exposed. A third glare came close on its predecessors. With it came a great shouting across the ways, an answering tumult from the ways. The red-coats below, he saw, had now almost gained the central passage. Their countless faces turned towards him, and they shouted. The white façade opposite was densely stippled with red. All these wonderful things concerned him, turned upon him as upon a pivot. These were the guards of the Council attempting to recapture him.

Lucky it was for him that these shots were the first fired in anger for a hundred and fifty years. He heard bullets whacking over his head, felt a splash of molten metal sting his ear, and perceived without looking that the whole opposite façade, an unmasked ambuscade of red police, was crowded and bawling and firing at him. Down went one of his guards before him, and Graham, unable to stop, leapt the writhing body.

In another second he had plunged, unhurt, into a black passage, and incontinently someone, coming, it may be, in a transverse direction, blundered violently into him. He was hurling down a staircase in absolute darkness. He reeled, and was struck again, and came against a wall with his hands. For a moment he was crushed by a weight of struggling bodies, whirled round, and thrust to the right. For a moment a vast pressure pinned him. He screamed, and then the whole mass of people moving together, bore him back towards the great theatre from which he had so recently come. There were shouts of "They are coming!" and a muffled cry close to him. His foot blundered against something soft, he heard a hoarse scream underfoot. He heard shouts of "The Sleeper!" but he was too confused to answer. He heard the green weapons crackling. For a space he lost his individual will, became an atom in a panic, blind, unthinking, mechanical. He thrust and pressed back and writhed in the pressure, kicked presently against a step, and found himself ascending a slope. And abruptly the faces all about him leapt out of the black, ghastly white and visible, astonished, terrified, perspiring in a livid glare. One face—a young man's—was very near to him. At the time it was but a passing incident, of no emotional value, but afterwards it came back to him in his dreams. For this young man, wedged upright in the crowd for a time had been shot and was already dead.

A fourth white star must have been lit by the man on the cable. Its light came glaring in through vast windows and arches and showed Graham that he was now one of a dense mass of flying black figures pressed back across the lower area of the great theatre. This time the picture was livid and fragmentary, slashed and barred with black shadows. He saw that quite near to him the red guards were fighting their way through the people. He could not tell whether they saw him. He looked for Lincoln and his guards. He saw Lincoln near the stage of the theatre surrounded in a crowd of black-badged revolutionaries, lifted up and staring to and fro as if seeking him. Graham perceived that he himself was near the opposite edge of the crowd, that behind him, separated by a barrier, sloped the now vacant seats of the theatre. A sudden idea came to him, and he began fighting his way towards the barrier. As he reached it the glare came to an end.

In a moment he had thrown off the great cloak that not only impeded his movements but made him conspicuous, had slipped it from his shoulders. He heard someone trip in its folds. In another he was scaling the barrier and had dropped into blackness

the further side. Then feeling his way he came to the lower end of an ascending gangway. In the darkness the sound of firing and the roar of feet and voices lulled. Then suddenly came to an unexpected step and tripped and fell. As he did so, the darkness about him leapt to vivid light, and the glare of the fifth white star shone through the fenestrations of the theatre walls.

He rolled over among some seats, heard a shouting and the rattling of weapons, struggled up and was knocked back. He perceived that a number of black-badged men were all about him, and, leaping from seat to seat, crouching among the seats to re-load. Instinctively he crouched amidst the stray shots ripped the pneumatic cushions and cut bright holes in their soft metal frames. Instinctively he marked the door of the gangways, the most plausible way of escape for as soon as the veil of darkness fell again.

A young man in faded blue garments came vaulting over the seats. "Hello!" he said, with his flying feet within six inches of the sleeping face.

He stared without any sign of recognition, turned to fire, fired, shouting "To hell with the Council!" was about to fire again. It seemed to Graham that the half of this man's neck had been cut. A drop of moisture fell on Graham's cheek. The green light stopped half raised. For a moment the man stood still, his face suddenly expressionless, then he began to slant forward. His knees bent. Man and darkness fell together.

The sound of his fall Graham rose up and ran for his life. He stepped down to the gangway tripped him. He scrambled forward, turned up the gangway and ran on.

In the sixth star glared he was already close to the yawning throat of a passage. He ran on the swifter for the light, the passage, and turned a corner into absolute night again. He was knocked sideways, rolled over, and recovered his feet. He felt himself one of a crowd of invisible fugitives pressing in one direction. His one thought now was their thought also—to escape from this fighting.

(To be continued)

The Coming French Exhibition

BY A PARIS CORRESPONDENT

It is safe to say that the most impressive feature of the Paris Exhibition of 1900, from the architectural point of view, will be that which first strikes the eye of the visitor, namely, the principal entrance, or *porte monumentale*, at the foot of the Champs Elysees. Much thought has been bestowed on making the edifice of this entrance a worthy artistic link between Paris, with all its majestic buildings, and the extensive grounds of the colossal World Show, with its scattered "palaces of industry," which is to inaugurate the twentieth century. The work was entrusted to the celebrated architect, M. Binet, whom our illustration shows engaged upon the model of his grandiose conception—of which the execution will cost about 22,000*l*. Some idea of the vastness of this entrance gateway will be conveyed when we say that it will cover an area of over 10,000 square metres, and stand forty-five metres high—thus overtopping the Arc de Triomphe, which is one of the most prominent features of the beautiful city on the Seine. This city is fondly called by its own gay inhabitants "*la ville lumineuse*," and it will be more than ever a city of light in the literal sense of the term when M. Binet's work is completed. For his grandiose gateway will be a triumphal arch such as the world has never yet seen, a cathedral of varied colour, a mosque of mosaics—a harmony of al-fresco hues by day, and a corresponding concord of electric-light psychrome by night. In respect of colour the whole will present a Gobelins sort of effect, the only thing in England remotely resembling it being the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park. M. Binet is the first member of his profession in modern times who has sought to combine colour with form in architecture, and he is now seeing the result of his studies among the Moorish palaces of Spain. The colossal façade of his portal will have something Moorish in its form and aspect, and be surmounted by an allegorical figure standing on a sphere (the world), to which a name has not yet been given—Industry, Peace, or the like. Beneath this (on the model at which he is still busily working) is seen the arms of the City of Paris, surmounted by a war-galley, on which is perched a Gallic cock. On the side of the archway shoots up a tall minaret, or graceful minaret kind of needle, most elaborately coloured and adorned with various devices. The curving entablature between those minarets and the arch forms, perhaps, the most interesting feature of the whole—the "*Frise du Travail*," a series of bas-reliefs in the manner of Trajan's Column, or the Siegesäule at Constantinople, showing a procession of the various kinds of workers who contribute by their labour or their material to the building of the Exhibition, and the effect is very classical and fine. This homage paid by the architect to his humble and obscure fellow-workers in the colossal enterprise. These friezes are the work of the young sculptor, M. Guillot, who has subordinated his art to that of M. Binet in a way calculated to produce a fine effect of unity in the whole, and to suggest that it is the outcome of one, instead of several minds. It would be impossible in the space at our disposal to describe in detail the minute *repoussé* ornamentation of the frieze, of which the general effect is one of great splendour, though a little garish. It would be entirely out of place in the sooty London, but in gay and graceful Paris it will seem a fitting addition to the beauties of the city, especially at such a time of splendour. On passing through the façade archway, the visitor will find himself under a magnificently decorated dome, the interior of which is to be a vast hall, emblazoned among other things with the arms of all the chief towns and cities of France; and from this huge vaulted porch he will pass out into the Exhibition grounds by one of the numerous *guichets*, or turnstiles, which are floating the flags of all nations. If M. Binet is to plume himself on the decorative appearance of his grandiose portal, he is no less proud of the practical arrangement of this semicircle of *guichets*, which are so ingeniously arranged that at the loss of a single inch of space as to admit of a steady stream of many visitors an hour without the least crushing. Altogether the *porte monumentale* is a unique and wonderful work of art, worthy of Paris as well as of the Temple of Peace, of which it will once be the portal and the crown.

A New A.R.A.

MR. GOSCOMBE JOHN, the last of those newly elected Associates of the Royal Academy, is one of the youngest men to be summoned within the Academy circle. He is but little known to the public, for it is only a few years since that he won the Academy travelling

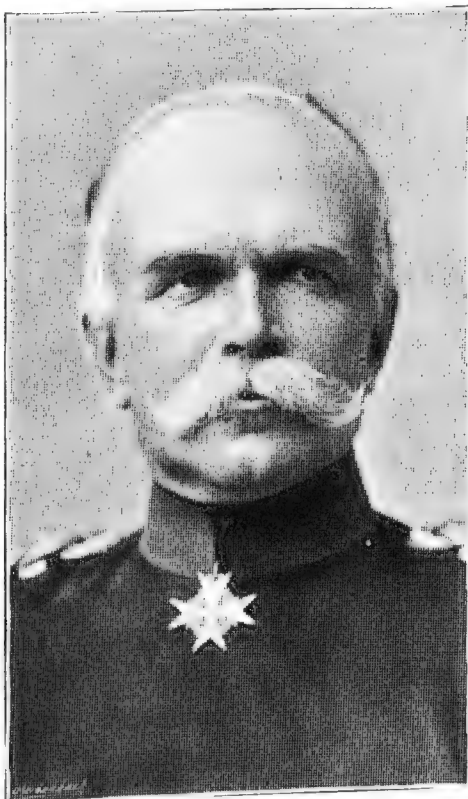


MR. GOSCOMBE JOHN
Newly elected A.R.A.

studentship for sculpture for an admirable work, which was purchased at once by Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A. A little while afterwards he produced the beautiful figure of a nude boy, which is now in the Sculpture Hall of the Tate Gallery. The selection of Mr. Goscombe John to fill the vacancy left by the death of Mr. Harry Bates is a matter for congratulation.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Russell and Sons.

The Late Count von Caprivi

COUNT VON CAPRIVI, who died at Skyrén on Monday, was of Italian descent—his full title was Count Caprivi de Caprera de Montecucculi. The family had long settled in Silesia, and the Count's father was a legal official in the Prussian State Service. Count von Caprivi was born at Charlottenburg on February 24, 1831, and was thus not quite sixty-eight. He entered the Prussian Army in 1848, and fought with distinction in the Danish and Austrian Wars. In the Franco-German War he was Chief of the



THE LATE COUNT VON CAPRIVI
Ex-Imperial Chancellor of Germany

Staff to the 10th Army Corps. In 1883 he was appointed to the command of the Army in Metz. In the following year he was transferred to the command of the German Navy, and during his tenure of that post was a constant advocate of a big navy. He was re-transferred to the Army in 1888, and in 1890, on the retirement of Prince Bismarck, was called upon by the Emperor William to

become Imperial Chancellor and Prussian Prime Minister. He held these high offices for four years, and resigned in 1894, since when he has lived in retirement. Count von Caprivi was one of the ablest statesmen in Germany, and his resignation of the Chancellorship, which was due to his inability to agree always with the Emperor's policy, was much regretted.—Our portrait is by Carl Günther, Berlin.

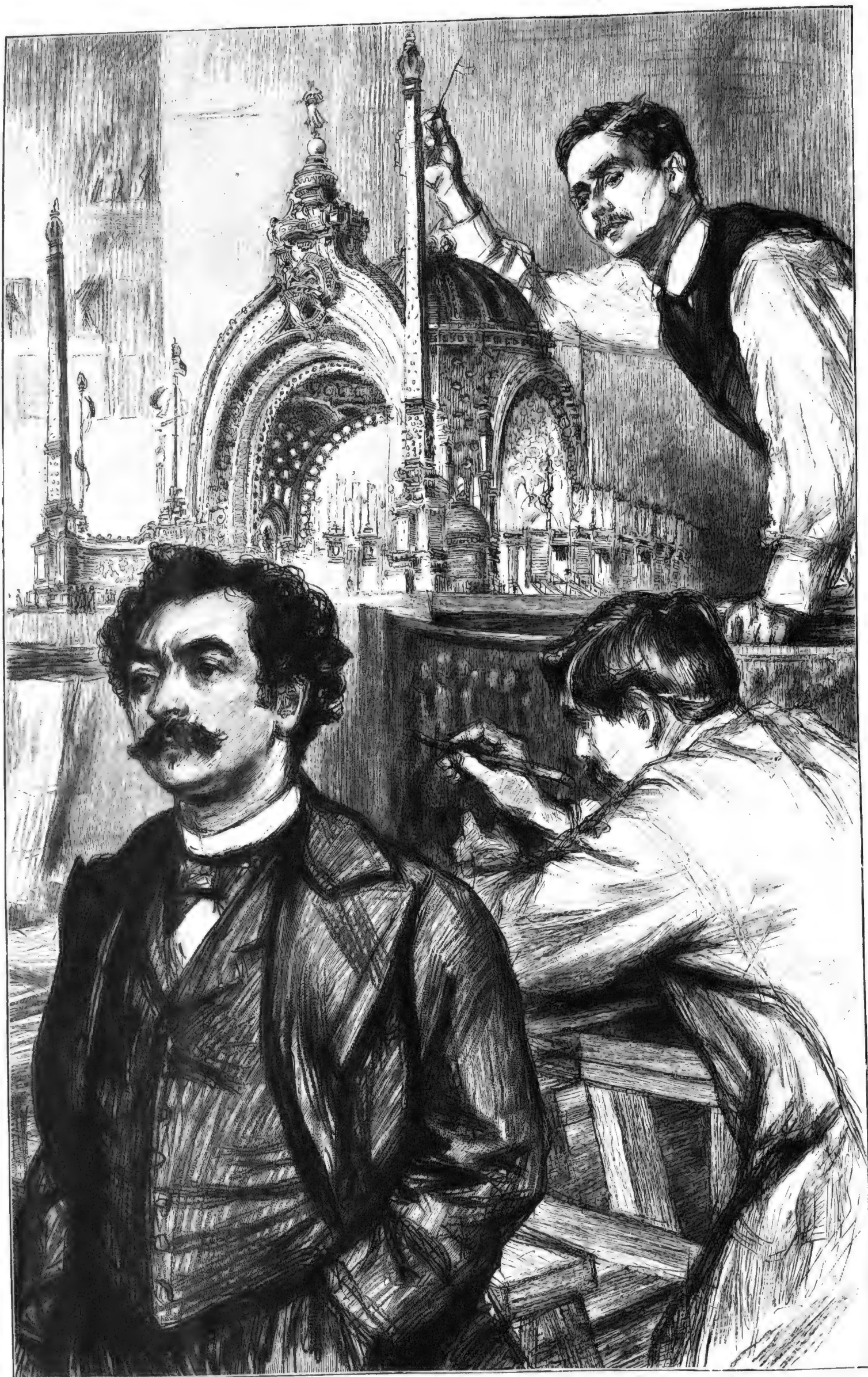
"The Last Stand of the 44th"

ONE of the saddest pages of English history is that which tells the story of the first Afghan War. The bright spot in the initial stages of the war was the gallantry shown by the mere handful of men who were hemmed in at Gundamak. The army of occupation at Cabul submitted to the humiliating terms, when the treaty was signed, by which we undertook to evacuate the country. The force which marched out of Cabul consisted of 4,500 armed men, of whom about 690 were Europeans, 2,840 native soldiers on foot, and 970 native cavalymen. With them were six guns belonging to the Company's Horse Artillery and three pieces of the mountain train. This force, well distributed, in good heart and resolutely commanded, might have been trusted to hold its own against Afghan onslaught. But the helpless little army had no heart left; its discipline was gone, and its chiefs feeble and apathetic. Moreover its steps were dogged by the burden of 12,000 camp followers, with a great number of women and children. The awful fate that was in store for the column might almost have been predicted. Hardly had the force begun the weary march to Jellalabad when the Afghans showed how little heed they meant to pay to the treaty they had signed. Day after day the dispirited army was fallen upon and harassed by the fierce, bloodthirsty tribesmen. Supplies were short, and the nights had to be spent in the open with hard snow on the ground. Each morning broke upon a certain number of men frozen to death, and they were judged fortunate by their comrades in escaping the horrors of another day of butchery and a night of wretchedness. The ladies in the column made the case the harder to bear, for there were some among them with newly born babes in their arms. By-the-by, the ladies and their husbands were taken under the Afghan Chief Akbar Khan's protection, and thus, though they feared treachery, were saved from the awful certainty which lay before the doomed column, which was every day considerably reduced in numbers. At length they were fairly caught in a trap at Jugdalluk. There was a fearful mêlée, officers and soldiers fought side by side and died side by side. The barriers before them were at length broken through, and on the morning of January 13, 1842, seven days after leaving Cabul, a straggling group of some twenty officers and forty-five European soldiers found themselves near Gundamak. Ammunition was running short, but the little band stood fast and calmly awaited its end. The Afghans, who surrounded them, killed off man after man, but still the gallant little company stood firm and repulsed rush after rush, as shown in Mr. Wollen's picture on another page. But at last, nearly all being killed, or wounded, a final onslaught by the enemy terminated the struggle. Captain Thomas Souter, of the 44th, with three or four men of that regiment, all of whom were wounded, were spared and carried into captivity. Captain Souter had torn the colours of the regiment from the standard and wrapped them round his body as a last means of saving them. This act of heroism was probably the means of saving his life, for, seeing him wrapped in silk, the Afghans took him for an officer of high rank, and expected a big ransom from the British Government for his release. A group of mounted officers had rushed forward as soon as the barrier had been cleared. Six only reached Fattedbad. They were treacherously offered food, and two were cut down while they halted to eat it. Of the four who rode away three were overtaken and killed within four miles of Jellalabad; one officer alone survived to reach that haven of refuge.

A New Mosaic for the Houses of Parliament

DURING the recess an important embellishment has been added to the central hall in the Houses of Parliament. It is a companion mosaic to the "St. George for England," which is fixed in the large niche over the corridor that leads to the House of Lords. The new mosaic is "St. David for Wales," and is placed exactly opposite the other, over the corridor leading to the Commons. The work, which is due to Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., consists of a central figure of St. David with a female figure on either side. Both in colouring and design the work has been greatly admired by the few persons whose attention has yet been called to it. The mosaic was, however, only finished and placed in position a few days before the Session began, and little notice has been taken of it by the daily Press. As far as can be seen from below Sir Edward Poynter's signature is nowhere visible upon the mosaic. On the other hand, the glass company which executed the work has affixed its title in large capitals in a prominent position. It is astonishing that the Office of Works should have permitted the walls of the Houses of Parliament to be used for such a blatant advertisement, and considerable indignation has been expressed by members of Parliament. There still remain two niches to be filled, and they presumably will be occupied with the patron saints of Scotland and Ireland respectively. Perhaps, while waiting for the mosaics to be completed, the Office of Works may feel inclined to turn an honest penny by letting those vacant spaces to other advertisers.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S PHILANTHROPIC ENERGIES are now devoted to helping a persecuted Russian sect—the Doukobors—to emigrate to the Canadian North-West. The Doukobors somewhat resemble the Quakers in opinion, and date back to the days of Peter the Great. They consider themselves inspired from Heaven, reject the priesthood, and refuse to serve the State or the Army. Count Tolstoi's eldest son has escorted over 4,000 to Winnipeg, whence they go up country to form settlements. The Dominion Government gives each family 100 acres of land, a shanty, and farming implements.



M. BINET, THE ARCHITECT OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900, AND HIS MODEL OF THE ENTRANCE

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOUARD



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

"THE LAST STAND OF THE 44TH AT GUNDAMUCK": AN INCIDENT IN THE FIRST AFGHAN WAR

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. B. WOLLEN, R. I., IN THE POSSESSION OF THE COLONEL AND OFFICERS OF THE 44TH (NOW THE 1ST ESSEX REGIMENT)

Royalty at Home and Abroad

THE DEATH OF PRINCE ALFRED OF SAXE-COBURG

ONCE more the Queen has to mourn the loss of another grandson—the Hereditary Prince of Saxe-Coburg having passed away rather suddenly on Monday. His death is all the more sad because he was the only son of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, and his parents had set their hopes on his eventual career as ruler of the Duchies. Indeed, with this end in view, Prince Alfred was brought up to consider himself more of a German than an Englishman, although he was born at Buckingham Palace. Most of his education was carried out in Germany, where he entered the army as soon as he was old enough, and went through the rigid training of a German soldier. He was a great favourite with his cousin, Emperor William, and spent much of his time in Berlin as Lieutenant of the 1st Regiment of Prussian Guards. Unfortunately, Prince Alfred was always a delicate lad, and of late years he developed a serious internal malady. When he was last in London—at the Queen's Diamond Jubilee—his pallor and delicacy were universally remarked, and it was evident that he could bear little fatigue. By this winter the Prince grew worse, mental depression setting in, and he was unable to be present at his parents' Silver Wedding festivities. It was decided to try the mild air of the Tyrol, so the young Prince went to Dr. Kahn's Sanatorium at Martinsbrunn, near Meran, hoping eventually to join his sister, the Grand Duchess of Hesse and her husband, on a trip to Egypt. But congestion of the brain ensued, and the end came on Monday before his parents could reach him. Prince Alfred Alexander William Ernest Albert was only twenty-four, having been born on October 15, 1874. He was the eldest child of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who are now left with four daughters. His body will be taken to Coburg and laid in the vault beneath the Schlosskirche. By his death the Duke of Connaught becomes heir to the Duchies of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

The Queen received the news of the Prince's death with the deepest grief, and all Her Majesty's immediate engagements have been cancelled. Her Majesty intends to return to Windsor next Tuesday. At present only Princess Beatrice and her children are with the Queen, Princess Louis of Battenberg having left to join her husband at Weymouth. Her Majesty, however, and the Princess are rarely without guests at dinner, either official visitors such as the Chancellor of the Exchequer or residents in the neighbourhood, including the Rev. Clement and Mrs. Smith from Whippingham Rectory. Saturday being the anniversary of Prince Henry of Battenberg's funeral, a Memorial Service was celebrated in Whippingham Church, where the Prince's remains rest, only the Queen, Princess Beatrice and her children being present. This week the Court is also in mourning for the Princess of Bulgaria, who was the Queen's first cousin once removed. There will be a constant succession of visitors at Windsor on Her Majesty's return, and it is still hoped that the Queen may be able to come for the first Drawing Room on the 24th. This function will be crowded to its utmost limits, the list of presentations having been quite filled up by last week.

Our Queen's safety at Cimiez gives the French Government some anxious moments. Her Majesty is so genuinely popular in Southern France that nothing is to be feared from the natives, but after the Empress of Austria's tragic fate French officials are keenly alive to danger from a stray Anarchist. Extra precautions will accordingly be taken. All suspected persons will be cleared away from the neighbourhood of Cimiez before the Queen arrives, and a complete cordon of detectives formed round the Royal residence, besides others disguised and posted on all the roads Her Majesty is likely to use. M. Dassé, who always manages Her Majesty's journeys, is at Cimiez making the final arrangements, and some of the Royal furniture has already been sent over. Folkestone is delighted at the prospect of the Queen passing through the town on her way to Calais, instead of taking the long Cherbourg route. Her Majesty has not been to Folkestone for forty years, since she went with the Prince Consort to inspect the Foreign Legion at Shorncliffe. March 9 is the date of departure at present.

The new Royal yacht will be launched from Pembroke Dockyard on May 9. The Duchess of York will christen the vessel, and possibly her three children may be present, the Royal party staying for the occasion with Earl Cawdor at Stackpole Court, Castlemartin, Pembroke.

The Prince of Wales came up to town from Sandringham on Monday, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York. The Prince will now divide his time between London and Sandringham till he leaves for the Riviera in the first week of March, but the Princess will mostly remain in Norfolk.

Both the Duchess of Fife and Princess Victoria are now with the Princes, Princess Victoria having brought back her elder sister on Saturday, when she returned from staying with the Duke and Duchess of Fife at Brighton. The Princess much enjoyed the bracing sea air and the privacy of her visit, as the Brightonians

way they put in at Messina, and spent a day at Suda in Crete, where they saw Prince George of Greece. The Duke looks forward with keen pleasure to his trip up the Nile, as reviving memories of his former military service, and also to showing the various places to the Duchess. He is to lay the foundation stone of the Assuan reservoir barrage.

Bad weather has somewhat spoilt the Empress Frederick's visit to Bordighera, but she manages to make plenty of excursions. Generally she spends the morning sketching on the seashore or a little way inland, and takes long trips in the afternoon. One day was spent at San Remo, where the Empress inspected the memorial stone recalling her husband's stay there during the last winter of his life.

Princess Marie Louise of Bulgaria is very genuinely mourned in her adopted country, where her interest in national affairs and her great charity made her most popular. For some time past the Princess had a presentiment that she would not live long, and when she recently visited the Metropolitan on his deathbed declared that she had taken the disease from him. Almost her last words to her husband were a promise that her spirit would be ever near to watch over him, over their children, and Bulgaria, while she told the little Crown Prince Boris to "strive to be an exemplary ruler." Prince Ferdinand scarcely left his wife during her last days, and though terribly broken down by his loss, superintended all the funeral arrangements. The dead Princess lay in State in the Red Drawing-room of the Palace, surrounded by flowers and tapers, with nuns praying day and night round the bier. Her funeral took place on Wednesday, when the first Princess of Bulgaria was laid in the Cathedral of St. George, where the first ruler of Bulgaria, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, also rests.

Shooting Pieces, by George Morland

By JOSEPH GRAGO

It will be seen, from the four shooting pieces selected from a long series of sporting subjects by George Morland, that the painter was an adept at the delineation of sporting scenes, depicted in sportsmanlike style. The present selection, regarded from a retrospective point of view, is interesting as affording realistically lifelike representations of the workmanlike equipments of the "shootists" of a century ago, and also of the types of sporting dogs, in those days the indispensable auxiliaries of the sportsman. It is noteworthy that, with artistic proficiency, Morland has given variety to his theme in important details. Although from contemporary accounts we hear a good deal about the shooting tastes of Morland's friends, there is little recorded in the painter's biographies of his own performances in this direction. The artists his most intimate associates were, however, well-recognised sportsmen. For instance, Samuel Howitt was first and foremost an enthusiastic sportsman, and later on became an able sporting delineator; F. Wheatley was also an amateur sportsman; and it is recorded that John Raphael Smith, the most versatile practitioner of his generation—subject painter, portraitist, pastellist, print publisher, picture dealer, variety merchant and wine importer—above all things was a keen sportsman, travelling over England where good shooting was to be had; staying at the shooting-boxes of friendly and noble patrons on professional business, devoting, perhaps, one day out of nine to making a dashing portrait in chalks of his host for a moderate honorarium, and allotting the other eight days of his stay to knocking over his host's game with fine precision and perseverance.

In the versions reproduced the figures standing for partridge and duck shooting bear so strong a resemblance to the personality of J. R. Smith, it is a fair assumption that at least the type of sportsman is founded on the personality of that gifted artist; while the person of the snipe-shooter, and also that of the duck-shooter pursuing his birds bears resemblance to Morland's friend and boon companion, Francis Wheatley, who in turn seems to have frequently painted Morland himself for the figures of his sportsmen in numerous examples of his own similar productions in the sporting branch. Besides the four versions reproduced in the present selection the series in question includes hare, woodcock and pheasant shooting, coursing, etc. Of similar sporting nature there is an interesting series of four shooting pieces, snipe, partridge, pheasant and duck shooting, with smaller figures in important landscapes; the paintings executed by Morland, etched by T. Rowlandson, and aquatinted by S. Alken, the prints published in 1790. There is another important suite of four subjects, still rarer. The etchings of these are described as executed by Morland's hand. Another series of similar size and importance was executed after Morland's paintings by S. Alken, also recognised as a practical sportsman himself and an enthusiast in these matters.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA AND PRINCE ALFRED

From a Photograph taken in 1875 by Hills and Saunders, Eton

now thoroughly respect the Duke and Duchess of Fife's wish to stroll about unnoticed.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught had a very pleasant voyage from Naples to Alexandria in the *Surprise*. On the



THE LATE H.R.H. ALFRED, HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA

Photo by W. Hoffe, t, Berlin



THE RIGHT HON. G. H. REID
Premier of New South Wales



THE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE TURNER,
K.C.M.G.
Premier of Victoria



THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN FORREST,
K.C.M.G.
Premier of West Australia



THE RIGHT HON. SIR E. N. C.
BRADDON, K.C.M.G.
Premier of Tasmania

Australian Federation

By GEORGE COLLINS LEVEY, C.M.G.

THE recent conference of the six Australian Premiers at Melbourne has cleared away most of the difficulties which stood in the way of Federation, and it seems probable that the first year of the new century will see a great Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth established in the southern seas. It cannot be said that the Australians have acted with undue precipitancy, or that there has been any of that haste which is supposed to characterise young communities. The movement for Federation commenced in the early sixties, when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who at that time was a member of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, was the chairman of a Royal Commission, which recommended that an Act should pass the Imperial Parliament which would enable two or more colonies, at their discretion, to join together. But this recommendation was regarded as a mere pious opinion, and nothing more was heard about federation for several years. There was nothing to compel the various Australian Colonies to bind themselves more closely together, and there was much to keep them apart. Their methods of dealing with the public lands, their fiscal policy, their climatic conditions were entirely different. Some of them were sub-tropical, and entertained a strong opinion that their development and prosperity were dependent upon obtaining the services of coloured labourers; others objected to the competition of persons whom they regarded as inferior races. The distances from one colonial capital to another were considerable, communication was infrequent and costly, and there was far less intercourse between the people of Victoria and those of Western Australia, Queensland and South Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, than with their friends and relatives in the Mother Country. But as the original settlers died out, and were succeeded by a generation which regarded Australia as their native land, an Australian as opposed to a Victorian or a Tasmanian feeling grew up, while the gradual growth of the railway system, which brought all the Australian capitals and the populous districts around them into close connection, resulted in a more friendly and more intimate relation between the inhabitants of the various Colonies. And thus the desire for Federation grew.

It was not, however, till 1883 that a convention was held, at which it was determined to hold at intervals of two years a Federal Council, at which subjects of interest to the various Colonies should be discussed. The first Federal Council met at Hobart in 1886; Victoria, Queensland, West Australia, and Fiji were represented; resolutions were passed and duly transmitted to the Colonial Office making sundry suggestions. New South Wales, the wealthiest and most populous colony, had declined to take any part in these deliberations, and it was felt that without it the Council carried very little weight, and was merely a debating society on a large scale. But the feeling in favour of Federation grew stronger and stronger. Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, who had not taken part in the first attempt of the Colonies to act together, placed himself at the head of the movement, and, in 1891, a Convention was held in Sydney, at which a Bill creating an Australian Commonwealth was drafted, and an undertaking given by the members of this Convention that they would do their utmost to induce the various Colonial Parliaments to agree to the Bill. The second Convention differed from the first, inasmuch as Fiji took no interest in the discussion, and New Zealand, the third Colony of Australasia, intimated that she had no desire to federate with the communities of the Australian mainland.

The attempt to pass the Commonwealth Bill of 1891 through the various Australian Parliaments failed, and it was not till 1897 that another effort was made to establish Federation. The difficulties were not by any means slight or unimportant, the climatic obstacles were no greater than they were twenty years before, but many vested interests had grown up in several of the Colonies which militated against Federation. The policy of Victoria was strongly protectionist, and her example had been to a considerable extent followed by her neighbours, with the exception of New South Wales. Federation would enforce free trade between one Colony and another. The result would be either that the protected manufacturers of Victoria would have to submit to the competition of goods made in Europe, and brought in free via New South Wales, or else that the latter Colony would have to enforce protective duties. Queensland declined to be represented at the 1897 Conference, principally on the ground that the southern Colonies objected to the immigration of Asiatic and Polynesian labourers, who were necessary to the prosperity of the northern. Western Australia did indeed send representatives to the Conference, but they stated at the outset that they could not federate for the present, since a large proportion of their reserve was derived from import duties upon goods which came from the neighbouring Colonies, goods which under Federation would come in free. Notwithstanding all the obstacles in their way the Convention which sat at Adelaide in 1897 did excellent work. A Bill, differing somewhat from that of 1891 was passed, which constituted

a Commonwealth of Australia. The three estates of the realm were to be a Governor-General, appointed by the Crown, a Senate in



THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES KINGSTON
Premier of South Australia

which there should be six representatives for each Colony or State, as it is termed, and a House of Representatives, in which each State, however small, should have five members, and an additional member dependent upon its population. The Senate was to be elected by the whole Colony voting as one constituency, by manhood suffrage, and the House of Representatives, by electoral districts with the same suffrage. No property or other qualification was required from the members of either House, who are to receive 400*l.* a year each as an allowance for expenses. The Governor-General was to be aided and advised by a Federal Executive Council, of whom seven were to be Ministers in charge of Departments, who must have seats in one or other of the two Houses. There was to be international free trade, and uniform duties of Customs were to be imposed within two years after the establishment of the Commonwealth. All the powers not vested in the Commonwealth were to remain with the States which were not interfered with.

The Bill conferred upon the Commonwealth jurisdiction over the greater number of vital questions, such as the regulation of trade and commerce, the imposition of Customs and Excise duties, levying taxes, borrowing money, naval and military defence, laws relating to marriage and divorce, the rights of parents, the service and execution of civil and criminal process, the control of rivers and railways, and, though last not least, "the affairs of any race with respect to whom it is deemed necessary to make special laws not applicable to the general community." Money bills were to originate with the House of Representatives, and might be affirmed or rejected by the Senate, but not amended. Various defects in this Bill were pointed out in the Colonial Parliaments, but it is believed that they have all been removed by the decision of the recent conference of Premiers. All differences between the two Houses of Legislature are to be decided by their sitting together in one Chamber, after which occasion the decision of the majority is to be binding upon both Houses. The Federal Capital, which was a very vexed question, since both Sydney and Melbourne laid claim to the honour, is to be in New South Wales, at some point, at least, a hundred miles from Sydney.

The next step will be to obtain the consent of the various Colonial Legislatures to the Bill with its amendments. If this be obtained during the present year, of which there is little doubt, Mr. Chamberlain will be in a position to ask the House of Commons to pass the measure in the Session of 1900, and the Commonwealth of Australia may be inaugurated on January 1, 1901.

Our portraits are by the following firms:—Sir E. N. C. Braddon by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street; Mr. G. H. Reid by Kerry and Co., Sydney; Sir George Turner by Lafayette, Bond Street; Mr. Charles Kingston by T. Adcock, Adelaide; and Mr. Dickson by Wiley, Brisbane.



THE HON. J. R. DICKSON, C.M.G.
Premier of Queensland

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

It is satisfactory to find that some efforts are being made at last to attempt to relieve the overcrowded state of the streets of London. Whether the right way to begin this was to banish the crawling cabs from the principal thoroughfares is a moot point. I am rather inclined to think it was not. Though the "crawler" may be an infinite nuisance to those who are already on the road, it is a great convenience to those who want to ride. We have been so in the habit of getting a cab in well-nigh any part of London by just holding up our umbrella, that now the privilege has been taken away from us we feel sadly aggrieved. To people leaving the theatre of an evening the difficulty of getting cabs is a most serious matter. Of course the new regulation was made for the public convenience, but it is a question, all things considered, whether it would not have been more advantageous to leave the cabs as they were for the present. Sir Edward Bradford has, I understand, issued a warning with regard to the obstruction caused by carts and vans waiting outside business premises. This is an important matter, and one on which I have been agitating and writing for many years past. There are many places in London where the public street is made into a private yard at the expense of the rate-payers. This is the first thing to be stopped. Then the numbers of omnibuses and cabs should be reduced, and, last of all—should it then be found necessary—attention should be given to the regulation of crawlers.

It is difficult to understand people wanting to have a Sunday delivery in London. Is it not delightful to have one day free from these postal pests? What I should like would be only one delivery a week; then you could devote that day to clearing off all your correspondence and be free for another week. Someone once sang thus concerning this matter:—

If letters ne'er were written,
Or never were received!
If postmen were confounded,
And postage stamps im. ounded,
Throughout the whole of Britain—
What peace would be achieved!
If letters ne'er were written,
Or never were received!

All sensible people will doubtless heartily agree with this singer. We do not require any further facilities either for the despatch or reception of letters, but what is really wanted is cheaper telegrams and convenience for sending them off at any place and at any moment.

Nine weeks ago I suggested in this column that the excellent idea of the endless band, which now forms the staircase at Harrod's Stores, should be adapted to the public footway of our streets, and I endeavoured to foreshadow the pleasant times we might have going up one side of Regent Street, comfortably seated and smoking a cigarette, and down the other quietly reading *The Daily Graphic*. And now I note in the pages of the aforesaid journal a description and a picture of pathways which are now in working order in Paris, preparatory to their being organised on a more extended scale at the Exposition of next year. If the scheme on a large scale turns out to be as successful as these preliminary experiments, the problem of the congested traffic of our London streets promises to be quickly solved and the Despotism of Wheels—which is one of the greatest despotisms of the century—will shortly be at an end. Then we shall require no wheels whatever, except in quarters where the moving pavement is not laid down, we shall only want covered seats properly protected from the weather. Of course, the pathways will have to be considerably widened, as only a small slip of roadway will be devoted to wheel traffic for heavy goods, and probably when the scheme is perfected merchandise also will be moved on the system above referred to. What delightful quiet will reign in our streets, and how pleasant will be the progress in the open air. It will quite put an end to underground railways, and the safety of London will be no longer endangered by the drying up of its soil and the piercing and the riddling of its foundations in all directions.



FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. AUBREY B. LLOYD

DESIGNED BY FRANK DALLA, R.S.

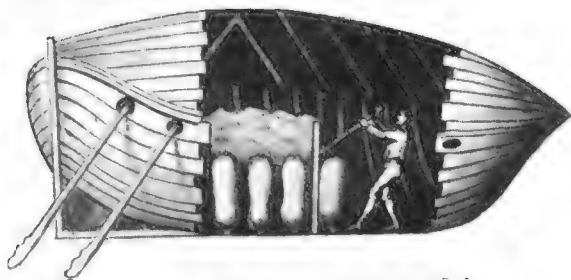
"Hurry, my bicycle with me. I one day put it together and commenced to ride round one of the villages of the Bangwa, and I shall not easily forget the sight of the yelling savages running after me in wild excitement, with eyes starting almost out of their heads, racing across my path shouting, 'The white man on a snake!' Some rushed to their houses, clattering the doors, and others came out to see me. One, when they found that I was a harmless commodity, and to join in the fun."

MR. LLOYD'S ADVENTURES IN DARKEST AFRICA: A SPIN ROUND A CANNIBAL VILLAGE

The History of the Submarine Boat

By H. W. WILSON

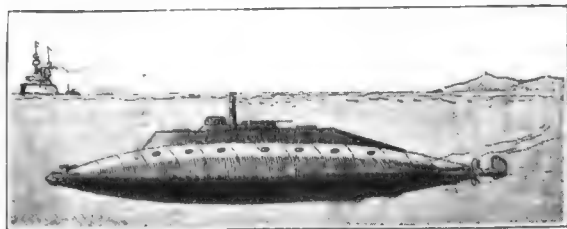
THE trials of the *Gustave Zédé* and the somewhat hasty conclusions of the Parisian press that now at last a means has been discovered of rendering England's great strength in battleships and cruisers valueless, have once more drawn attention to the submarine boat. It is not a novelty. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1749 will be found an illustration of an egg-shaped submarine boat, lowered or raised by admitting water into or expelling it from "goat leather bottles." The ship had four oars, with which to move in the water. An even earlier boat, which was constructed by a man named Symons, and which actually dived in the Dart, is described in the same volume of the magazine. In the war of the American revolution a submarine boat is said to have been employed by the Americans; if such was really used it must have been of the type constructed in 1787 by Iushnell of Connecticut. It is known that in the war of 1812 an attempt was made by Fulton's submarine to sink Sir Thomas Hardy's flagship, the *Raoul*, while she was lying at anchor.



AN EGG-SHAPED SUBMARINE BOAT, 1749

During the great war with France, the well-known American inventor, Fulton, had designed a submarine boat and submitted it to the Admiralty. Full details of it and various confidential reports are amongst the secret papers in the Record Office. The boat was declined, ostensibly because the invention was a devilish one. Crossing to France, Fulton constructed and tested a boat for the French Admiralty. It carried enough air for eight men during eight hours, it moved easily to and fro, and it actually destroyed with a torpedo of rude manufacture a hulk in Brest harbour. Yet it was rejected—probably because French naval men did not at all like exchanging the pure air and comfort of their wooden ships for what our seamen called "potted air" and misery. But this boat was certainly the first successful one, and may be regarded as the prototype of the *Zédé*.

In the Crimean War a submarine, known as the *Nautilus*, was designed by Mr. Scott-Russell for the express purpose of clearing a way into harbours defended by mines, sunken ships, and booms. She was supplied with air by means of a pipe which floated on the surface, and which was led down to the boat—a very dangerous contrivance, one would suppose. She was rowed from outside by men in diving dress, who drew their supply of air from the vessel. She dived and rose to the surface by admitting or expelling a certain quantity of water. Experiments at Portsmouth proved that she could place mines under ships' hulls, but before she



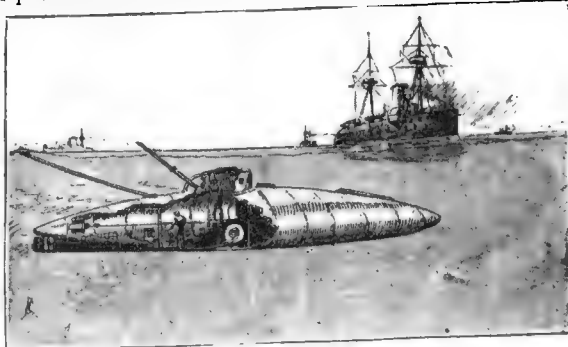
THE HOLLAND BOAT SUBMERGED

could be employed the war ended. Some thirty years ago she was still to be seen at Millwall. A few years later Delancy of Chicago designed a screw-propelled submarine worked by steam-power, but this boat was not adopted by any Government.

The first and only occasion on which a real submarine boat was successfully used in war was off Charleston, when, on February 17, 1864, the United States' cruiser *Housatonic* was sent to the bottom by a Confederate boat which had been brought overland from Mobile. In her various trials this boat had sunk no less than five times—drowning at least twenty officers and men. Sometimes she was sent to the bottom by the wash of a passing vessel pouring in through an open manhole; more than once she caught her nose in the bottom, and had to be recovered by divers. In the attack on the *Housatonic* all on board her perished. She is supposed to have entered the hole which her torpedo had made in the enemy's side, and so to have been carried down, though after the war divers found she had been carried by the current 100 feet from the *Housatonic*. This instance, at least, serves to prove that crews will always be found to volunteer for the most desperate enterprises. A similar boat, though not entirely submerged, attacked the *Wabash* on April 19, and the *Ironsides* on October 5 of that year. The top of the boat was flush with the water, and looked like a floating plank. Boats of a similar pattern are said to be possessed by Denmark at the present time.

The value attached by the French Admiral Aube to submarines led to the construction of several in the eighties. The most important of these were the Goubet, Nordenfelt, Holland and Peral boats. The Goubet type was small and light, the original pattern weighing under 1½ ton, and was driven by electricity stored in accumulators, or propelled by hand, at the rate of about five knots. Lieutenant Sleeman, in his classical work on Torpedoes, states that no less than 300 of these vessels were ordered for Russia in 1881. If so they have vanished from her navy long since. The boat has of late been improved, and

the latest pattern, of which two have been constructed for Brazil, weighs ten tons, carries two Whiteheads, and has an arrangement of prisms and lenses which can be projected from the surface,



THE TREESE-GAWN BOAT SUBMERGED

enabling the observer in the boat to steer in fine weather. The field of view must, however, be necessarily very small.

The Nordenfelt boats, of which two were bought by Greece and two by Turkey in 1886, were large vessels of about 160 to 250 tons, with a radius of 900 miles and a speed of twelve knots. They could steam under water or on the surface, and carried two torpedo tubes. The conning tower, of 1 in. steel, projected above water in the partially submerged position. The vessels used steam as the propulsive and had four screws. On trial they performed excellently, but their practical value must be small since in the war of 1897 neither Power used them. The Peral boat built for Spain in 1888 sank hulks with great success on her trials, and was to startle the world. She now lies at Cadiz, a rusty mass of iron and a practical failure. The Holland boat *Plunger*, originally designed by an enthusiastic Irishman in America to help the dynamiters in their nefarious schemes, was two years ago re-designed, and is now almost

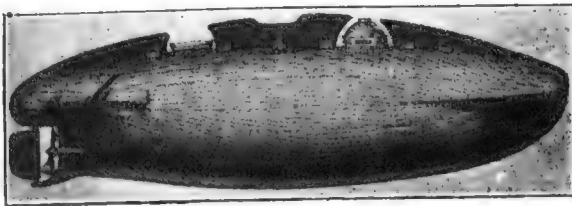


PERAL'S SUBMARINE BOAT

completed. Had it been of practical value in the Santiago campaign, it could have been ready. It runs by steam on the surface, and by electricity under water, carries two 18-inch Whitehead torpedo tubes, and can steam fifteen knots when running with full power. It has an armoured conning tower, and a prism arrangement, like the *Goubet*, for steering under water. The *Holland* is of similar type but smaller.

Other submarine boats which have been constructed are the *Peacemaker*, built in America, and the *Treese-Gawn* boat. The latter has attached to it by a pipe a float on the surface of the water, from which air can be drawn.

France now own two complete submarines, the *Zédé* and *Gymnote*; two building, the *Morse* and *Narval*; and eight similar to the *Narval* to be laid down this year. The *Gymnote*, the oldest, laid down in 1883, is understood to be a failure. The *Zédé* is the largest submarine as yet constructed, displacing 266 tons, with electrical engines of 720 horse-power, supplied with force by accumulators, which have given much trouble. She can do fifteen knots on the surface, and has descended to a depth of sixty-five feet. In recent trials she easily torpedoed the *Magenta*, when that ship was stationary, but she had to come to the surface at a distance



THE "PEACEMAKER"

of about 300 yards from her target. Under water she only obtains eight knots. The *Morse*, of 141 tons, is similar in construction and design, but only does twelve and a-half knots on the surface. The



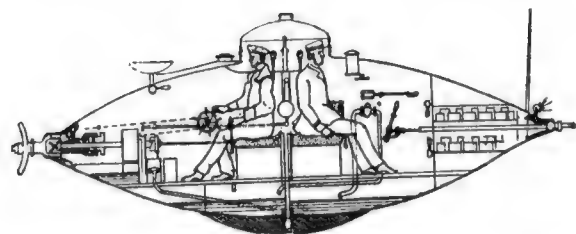
THE "GUSTAVE ZÉDÉ" PARTIALLY SUBMERGED

Narval, building at Cherbourg, from the plans of M. Laubeuf, who won the prize in the recent French competition for submarine boat designs, will be of 106 tons displacement, 111 feet long and fifteen feet in beam. She has two hulls, the space between filled with water ballast. The outer hull is shaped like that of the ordinary torpedo boat, the inner hull is cigar-shaped. She moves by steam on the surface at a speed of twelve knots; under water by electricity at eight knots. Her extreme radius of action is 624 miles, and she has a crew of eleven. She is regarded by French experts as completely solving the problem of submarine navigation. This, however, yet remains to be seen.

Court and Club

By "MARMADUKE"

THE appointment of Lord Tennyson to be Governor of the Colony of South Australia, in succession to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, has come as a surprise to many, as it was not generally known that he was willing to accept official occupation.

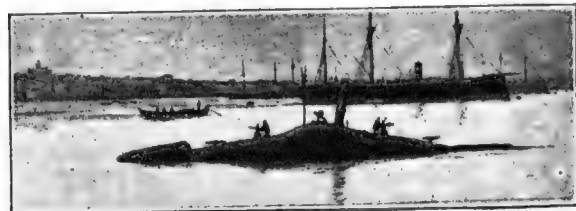


SECTION OF THE GOUBET SUBMARINE BOAT (EARLIEST FORM)

Throughout the Colonial Service, however, it is becoming more and more a grievance that the important appointments are reserved for men who have no connection with it. There are a few positions of paramount importance which, of course, every Government insists upon keeping for its own nominees, and there are no objections to these being so retained. The minor Governorships, however, are frequently bestowed, with comparatively little forethought, upon men who, remotely connected with the party in power, are either unable to obtain occupation at home or are desirous of retrenching.

The Colonial Service has recently become much more important than it ever was formerly, in consequence of the public mind having been directed towards the Colonies as it has of late. The members of the Service, therefore, not unreasonably maintain that they should be treated on the same principles as are the members of the Diplomatic Service, and that it should be the exception and not the rule to appoint to the important and highly paid posts men who are not connected with it. This is a reform which will not long be delayed.

When Sir Francis Clare Ford left Rome—where he was British Ambassador—his health was the cause of much anxiety, and since then his condition rapidly became worse until last week, when his illness had a fatal termination. The late Sir Francis was, perhaps, the most popular British Diplomatist of his day, which is ample testimony to his endearing qualities, for he served for close upon



THE NORDENFELT SUBMARINE BOAT

fifty years at almost every post and with almost every one of his colleagues.

Sir Francis was probably at his best in the late seventies and early eighties. At that period those who were not aware that he was a Diplomatist—hard-worked, dealing with delicate and intricate questions, and possessing exceptional knowledge of the world—could easily have imagined that he was merely a particularly amiable gentleman who had access to the best society, but whose chief interest in life lay in collecting *bric-à-brac*. He retained his youth and his youthful keenness up to a much later period than most are privileged to keep these, and his easy good humour and his want of affectation made him the most pleasant of companions.

There was not an atom of official starch in his composition.

Where other Diplomats—and this is more particularly true as regards foreign Diplomats—are reserved, and assume an importance of manner supposed to be suited to the dignity of their position, Sir Francis was invariably bright and optimistic, and seemed to consider every situation as the best in this best possible world. Nevertheless, he was a surprisingly hard worker, a man, moreover, whose experience of life had been treasured up for practical uses, and who was none the less able because he was not anxious to air his ability on the slightest provocation. His main aim, apparently, was to be Francis Clare Ford to all alike, high and low, and to be the official only on such occasions as it was absolutely necessary to be so.



PARTRIDGE SHOOTING



DUCK SHOOTING



SNIFE SHOOTING



DUCK SHOOTING

SHOOTING PIECES: FACSIMILES OF OLD PRINTS BY GEORGE MORLAND



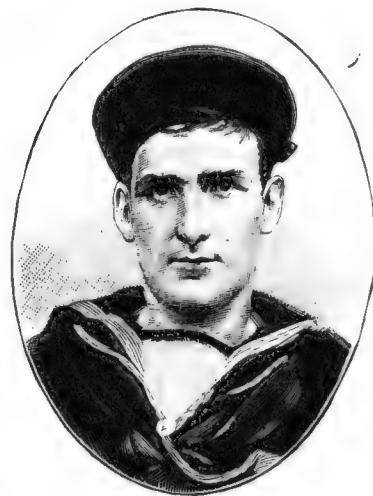
COLONEL E. BAINBRIDGE, C.B.
New Head of the Ordnance Factories



LORD TENNYSON
New Governor of South Australia



THE REV. J. A. ROBINSON, D.D.
New Canon of Westminster



THE LATE STOKER LYNCH
Albert Medallist

Our Portraits

THE appointment of Lord Tennyson to be Governor and Commander of South Australia, in succession to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, is very interesting, linking as it does the name of the Poet Laureate with one of the Colonies, the binding of which to the Mother Country by the strongest ties he did so much to foster. Lord Tennyson, was born on August 11, 1832, and was educated at Marlborough College and Trinity College, Cambridge. He married in 1881 Audrey, daughter of the late Mr. Charles F. B. and granddaughter of Admiral the Hon. Sir Courtenay Bleg. During the later years of his father's life, he acted as his private secretary. Lord Tennyson, who succeeded to the title in 1892, has taken little part in public affairs. He is best known to the public as the author of an admirable life of his father, entitled "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir," which was published in 1897.—Our portrait is by Bassano, Old Bond Street.

The Rev. Joseph Armitage Robinson, D.D., Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, and Norrisian Professor of Divinity in Cambridge University, has been appointed Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. Margaret's Westminster. He is a distinguished Cambridge scholar. He began his University career by winning a scholarship at Christ's College. He obtained the Winchester reading prize in 1859, and took his degree in the following year, being fourth in the First Class in the Classical Tripos. He won the second Chancellor's medal for classics in the same year and was made a Fellow of his College. Dr. Robinson was ordained in 1881, and took the B.D. degree in 1891 and the D.D. in 1896. In 1883 he was appointed Vicar of All Saints', Cambridge, and held that living until 1892. Two years later he was appointed Prebendary of Wells. The new Canon's scholarship has been recognised by two Cambridge Universities, which have conferred honorary degrees upon him. He has published "A Collection of the Athos Codex of the New Testament of Hermes," "The Philocalia of Origen," and other works, and was appointed Norrisian Professor of Divinity in 1893.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Colonel Edmond Bainbridge, C.B., Superintendent of the Royal Ordnance Factories, Woolwich, who has just been appointed to succeed late Sir William Anderson as head of the ordnance factories, born in 1841. After passing through the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he joined the Royal Artillery in 1863, became Captain in 1874, and Colonel in 1893. Last year he retired from Army. He has long been associated with Woolwich, having taken the posts of Inspector in the Experimental Department, Director at the School of Gunnery, Secretary of the Ordnance Committee, and a member of the same body. He was created C.B. in 1897.—Our portrait is by Jacolette, Harrington Road, S.W.

Stoker Edward Lynch, of the Royal Navy, Albert Medallist of the First Class, who died at Monastrea, County Kerry, was buried with naval honours in Kincalbeg Churchyard. Stoker Edward Lynch, it will be remembered, earned the Albert Medal in 1897 for heroic conduct on the torpedo-boat destroyer *Thrasher*, when she went down on the south coast of Cornwall. As the vessel struck, forward boilers were forced into the stokehole, and the mainmast was severed. Before the stokehole had time to be pumped out, what had happened five or six minutes before, was repeated, and a fourth man was badly injured. Most injuries were received in trying to rescue Paull, who died later from the effects of his injuries. Lynch, who was in the stokehole, began with, went back to the stokehole, and at the risk of his life, saved the admiral of every one, and the award of the Albert Medal was a general satisfaction.

Among the Pygmies and Cannibals

By ALBERT B. LLOYD

(CONCLUSION)

WE sped along the Aruwimi in our little barque for eleven days. At each village we approached the native drum began to beat. This drum consists of the hollow trunk of a tree with a wide slot cut along the centre of the log, and beaten with two drumsticks made with rubber heads. Immediately one village drum begins to beat, it is taken up by the next, and so down the river for many miles the Europeans' approach is announced. It is noteworthy that these Bangwa people are able to communicate with each other at long distances by means of their drums, and the Belgian officials always keep one or more of these drums on their stations with which to telegraph, as it were, to villages which may be some miles away. Thus, when the supply of rubber is getting low, a "telegram" is sent, announcing the fact to the chief of the village, who is then expected to bring in a new stock.

The form of government adopted by the Bangwa cannibals seems to be that of chieftainships. Each village has its chief, and each district has its head chief. The head chief is the man, of course, who possesses the biggest following and owns the largest village. When any matter of importance has to be decided upon, the head chief of the district, who might be called a small king, calls together the under chiefs, and the discussions go on around the kola-nut pot, and what then is decided by his council is law, and must be obeyed by the villages.

The houses of the cannibals are remarkable; indeed I have not seen their like in Africa. In the distance they look very much like huge pine cones. They are constructed in the following manner:—Four stakes of about six inches diameter and about two feet long are firmly fixed into the ground at equal distances apart, forming a square; then crosspieces are fixed to these, and the whole is filled with earth, forming a kind of platform; this is the foundation of the structure. To the above-mentioned corner posts are firmly fixed four long poles, about fifteen or even twenty feet high, meeting at the tops, and thus forming a pyramid-shaped dwelling. Cross-pieces are fastened to this structure, tied securely with the tough creepers of the forest, and lastly the huge leaves from the trees are fixed by the stem upon the framework in great profusion, a very small hole being left open at the bottom of the cone to be used as the entrance to the hut. For the size the inside is very comfortable and airy. All cooking is performed outside of the house so as not to endanger the dwelling by fire. At night the women sleep in the house and the men recline outside, or else under the shelter of a small shed, which seemed to be the common property of the village. Often the whole night is spent in dancing and drinking, and not until the morning dawn has come will they retire to rest.

Having my bicycle with me, I one day put it together and commenced to ride round one of the villages of the Bangwa, and I shall not easily forget the sight of the yelling savages running after me in wild excitement, some, with eyes starting almost out of their heads,

racing across my path shouting, "The white man on a snake!" Some rushed into their houses, barring the door, others dashed into the bush, only to come out again one by one, when they found that I was a harmless commodity, and to join in the fun.

Their chief industries seem to be hunting, fishing, and working in iron. The river abounds with fish, and the Bangwa are experts in the art of catching them, either by net or by hook and line.

Their nets are usually made of the creepers twisted into a kind of basket-work, and most neatly finished; this is weighted and sunk to the bottom of the stream and firmly secured to the trunk of an adjoining tree, and in the early morning each fisherman visits his nets to bring home the day's food. Of their iron-working much might be written; their beautiful spears and knives speak much for the skill of the workman. Given the rough tools used by the Bangwa, it is doubtful whether even an expert smith could turn out the work as done by the cannibals.

Before I left the cannibals of the Aruwimi I had the opportunity of witnessing a midnight dance performed by them. It was a bright moonlight night when the people of one of the villages began to collect in the clearing in front of the chief's house, in all about 200 strong, men and women alike nude, collected in this spot for the national dance. A huge fire was built in the midst of the open space, and around this all arranged themselves, men and women on opposite sides forming a circle, and when the circle was complete the dancing commenced.

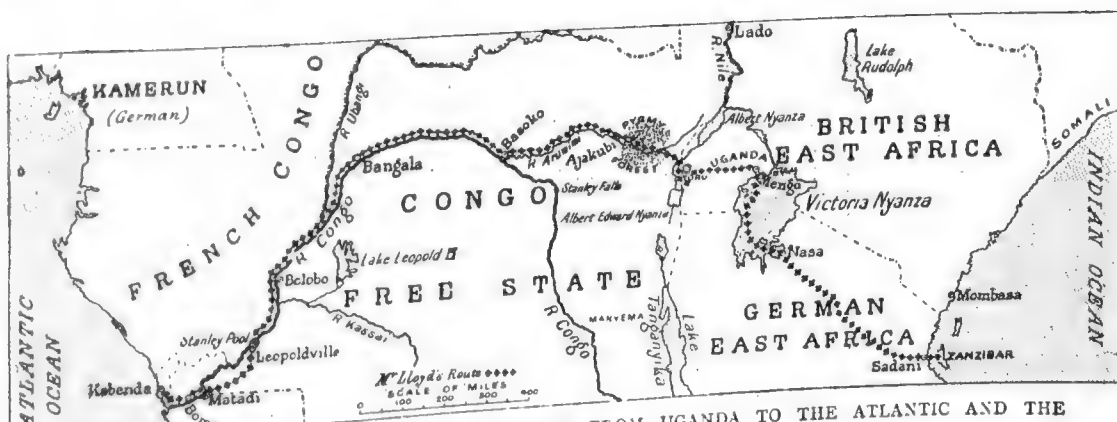
Words fail me to depict the utter strangeness of the scene. The attitudes into which they wriggled themselves, all keeping time like a trained troupe of acrobats, the weird sounds made by hands and mouth, and the ghastly grimaces; all this in the dim uncertain light of the moon baffles description. Presently the noise of murmuring made by the dancers as they wriggled round the fire became louder and louder, and the contortions to which they put themselves more violent, quicker and quicker, until they all burst forth into a terrible yell and seemed veritably to fly round the fire, still keeping time with hands and feet and voices. I have never seen anything so strange in all my travels, and as I looked at the distorted features of these people working themselves up into a state of madness, and realised that they were all the fiercest of cannibals, and at any moment might change the scene into one of bloodshed, I admit to a creepy feeling stealing over me, and I wondered if I should ever get through the country alive. This dance was kept up for nearly two hours, and then suddenly there was a hush. Not a sound disturbed the stillness of the night. The dance was over, and in the twinkling of an eye the crowd dispersed in all directions. Noiselessly every one crept back to his hut, and I was left alone by the fireside wondering at the weirdness of the scene just witnessed.

I was rather more than twenty days in the cannibal district, and came through in perfect safety, never once having to resort to force, or even to angry threats.

At Basoko I rested a few days, this being the Belgian station at the mouth of the Aruwimi, and from this place I journeyed by one of the Belgian State steamers down the Congo to Stanley Pool. This section of the journey was accomplished in thirteen days, and was full of interest. The steamer service on the river is doing much to open up the inner recesses of the Dark Continent. There are now very many good-sized boats constantly going backwards and forwards between Stanley Falls and Stanley Pool. The latest addition to this service is a steamer called the *Brevante*, a large and powerful boat, which accomplished the journey to Basoko and back in less than a month.

From Stanley Pool to Matadi I travelled by train, which took me two days, whereas before the existence of this wonderful little railway the journey took from fifteen to twenty-five days' hard tramping.

Reaching Matadi just under ten weeks from the start at Tero, I was able to proceed at once to Cabenda, where I caught the Portuguese mail steamer *Loca* for Lisbon, and arrived in England, overland from Lisbon, on Christmas Day.



MAP SHOWING MR. ALBERT B. LLOYD'S ROUTE FROM UGANDA TO THE ATLANTIC AND THE POSITION OF THE PYGMY FOREST

Students' Duels in Germany

THE ordinary duels of the German students are not duels at all in the proper sense of the word, nor is the term "duel" applied to such encounters in Germany, but is solely used to designate those serious combats which are the result of some private difference or quarrel. The students' duels which play such an important part in Germany University life are not the outcome of a personal quarrel, but are arranged by the presidents of the different corps which exist for the two-fold purpose of duelling and beer-drinking, the parties concerned not knowing beforehand against whom they are to be matched. As there is no wounded honour to avenge, so there is no desire to deal any serious injury; hence the combatants have all the vital parts protected, the neck, arms, and chest being covered with bandages and leather, and the eyes shielded by strong metal goggles without glass, which, being tightly fastened behind the head, afford some protection for the ears as well. The only parts exposed, therefore, are cheeks, jaws, nose, and the top of the head.

A couple of students dressed for the fray cut perhaps a somewhat comical appearance, but the duel itself is by no means the childish affair which it has often been represented to be. The weapon employed is the Schläger or German rapier, sharpened for about six inches from the point. Thrusting is, of course, not allowed,

energy it is to him precisely what football is to the youth of this country. Public opinion in Germany is seemingly not opposed to the practice, and the Emperor is known to be in favour of it.

Should two students happen to quarrel and a duel result, it is quite a different affair. Such encounters take place at night and in the open—in Berlin the spot chosen being generally a lonely part of the Zoological Gardens. Scouts keep a sharp look-out for the police, and the onlookers lend a hand by illuminating the scene with the torches which they hold aloft. The bandages are lighter on these occasions, and the heavy German sabre is often the weapon used. The duel continues until one of the combatants is disabled, and not infrequently these encounters result in death.

Notes from the Magazines

M. DE PRESSENSÉ ON A GERMAN ALLIANCE

M. DE PRESSENSÉ, writing in the *Contemporary*, is very much disturbed at the growth of "Imperialism," as he understands it. In the United States he is inexpressibly shocked to find that the seductions of Imperialism are drawing that country "towards the abyss where all the great democracies of the world have found their end. The cant of Anglo-Saxon alliance, of the brotherhood-in-

Cecil Rhodes and the great German financial houses at the time of the Jameson Raid. The German party intended the result of the original Reform Union to be a "financial" Republic. Mr. Rhodes intended something quite different.

When, almost at the last, he entered the lists at Johannesburg, the main body of financiers who first captured the Reform movement strove their hardest against him. For they were of the brutalist financial type, and proposed a scheme which, by creating a monetary Republic, would once and for ever have destroyed his scheme of a United South African Federation. Iteration and reiteration can do no harm in this matter; it is even now doubtful if one thinking man out of a hundred in England has any clear notion of the situation, and each book has but darkened counsel and obscured obscurity. The great firms which captured the early Reform Union were German by sympathy and by financial ties. Their interests and motives were German. Behind them stood great Berlin houses, and behind those again was another Imperial Policy than the policy of Imperial England. There can be little doubt that the day he sent his famous telegram, the German Emperor was the most disappointed man in Europe. But the pure accident of Dr. Jameson's Raid covered his disaster, and by throwing the whole blame upon the English, hid it from the eyes of the world. By all right and justice the public inquiry into the origin of the Johannesburg trouble should have been held in Berlin.

Had the truth been told at once, continues Mr. Roberts, who sees behind the scenes with the novelist's omniscient eye, nothing could have prevented an Anglo-German war. But it was not told for reasons of State. For this reason only was silence kept. "Attention was concentrated on the Raid, which had as much to do with the Revolution as desquamation has to do with the attack of scarlet fever causing it. The English Government and the



DRAWN BY H. LANOS

FROM A SKETCH BY F. HOSANG

A DUEL BETWEEN GERMAN STUDENTS IN A CORNER OF THE THIERGARTEN, BERLIN
AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR

but a wonderful skill is often shown in the handling of the weapon, the cuts being delivered with lightning-like rapidity. In spite of the limited portion of the body exposed to attack, ugly wounds are given and received. Far from the duel concluding at the first drawing of blood, the fight must last for a quarter of an hour, or until the umpires declare that a bone has been struck, all other wounds counting as nothing. It not infrequently happens that one or both combatants may have his cheek severed from the mouth to the ear, or be otherwise badly cut about, and yet have to fight it all over again as soon as his wounds are sufficiently healed, the duel having resulted in a draw. These duels are fought under cover, generally in a building rented by the corps, and as the police are nominally supposed to stop them if aware of them, the proceedings have to be conducted with a certain amount of secrecy. A doctor is always in attendance, and the wounds of one set of duellists are sewn up before the next begin. The students make it a point of honour to show as much nerve as possible when having their wounds attended to, and a wry face on the part of the patient while under the hands of the doctor evokes cries of derision from the spectators, while a groan is almost sufficient to cause him to be dismissed his corps with disgrace. Unpleasant though these exhibitions appear to the ordinary Englishman, it should be remembered that duelling is the only form of sport the German student knows, and as a means of letting off some superfluous blood and

arms of English-speaking people, is serving as a cloak to the nefarious designs of those who want to cut in two the grand motto of Great Britain, *Imperium et Libertas*, and to make *Imperium* swallow *Libertas*. Even more distressed is he to find at home "the men who have twice at least every year solemnly retaken the Statue of Strasbourg," writing up the German Alliance, and denouncing England as the hereditary foe—

There is something ridiculous and nauseous in this *voilà face*. It is a shame for people who were madly in hate against Germany suddenly to turn their coats and profess a kind of friendship for that Power. . . . To my mind nothing is more probable for France, if, unhappily, her statesmen lent an ear to such counsels, than to find herself between two stools, having alienated irrevocably English goodwill without conquering the good graces of Germany. . . . But what I want to insist upon here is that, just as in England, it is Imperialism—that is to say, the foe of true democracy, of freedom, and of social progress—which is at the bottom of the anti-French agitation, so in France it is Nationalism—that is to say, the party of military and clerical reaction—which is flirting with a German alliance and working for a rupture with England. Consequently, on both sides of the Channel, and in the whole world, the fate of Liberalism, or, in other terms, the future of civilisation, is absolutely connected with the state of the relations of our two countries.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE KAISER

In the *Fortnightly* there is a very striking article by Mr. Morley Roberts on politics in South Africa, which points to the fact that the novelist has been making the best uses of his faculties of observation. One very dramatic little story which he tells is of the fight between

English Colonial Office were practically blameless. But what they knew could not be told. Certain people of importance put their tongues in their cheek, and were content to be blamed, since their was not the real defeat. In one sense, the Raid was a blessing in disguise to them. It drew a herring across the trail, and the sulky gratitude of the German at not being exposed may have reacted later in an Anglo-German agreement."

THE HUMOURS OF SCHOOL INSPECTION

Cornhill this month contains a further instalment of scholarly quaint answers gleaned during the course of a long experience of association with school inspection. These answers sometimes show an appalling precocity, but more often a hopelessly belaguered state of intellect, as, for instance, when we read:—

"Julius Cæsar invaded Britain 55 B.C., and converted the natives to Christianity." "Richard I. went to Normandy, and was shot through the eye by a Mormon while capturing the Castle of Chaluz." "The Salic Law was an enactment that provided that no one descending from a female should ascend the throne." This is a girl's answer; so is the following: "Queen Mary died of dropsy." Her death was greatly hastened by the neglect of her husband, Philip, Emperor of Germany, who afterwards became King of France. Feeling worn of the English people, she returned to France and died at Madrid! At the post-mortem examination of her body the word "Calais" was found engraved on her heart."

What is instructive, though, in this article is to find that the absurdity does not all lie with the scholars. Some of the most amusing anecdotes show their instructors in a very quaint light.

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"A WORLD BEWITCHED"

FICTION can never hope to compete with history in respect of the hideous persecutions for "witchcraft" that now and again swept over Southern France—to take them where they were their worst—like fits of public delirium. Indeed, fiction that dared to venture on such rivalry would not be publishable. James M. Graham, who lays his scene on the Basque frontier in the reign of Henri Quatre, has, in "A World Bewitched" (Harper and Bros.), composed a fantastically exciting romance by dwelling only on one aspect of the subject—the instigation and utilisation of such frenzies for purposes of malice or greed. Mr. Graham has acquainted himself with the procedure in witchcraft cases, and made as much use of it as is necessary. Though such incidents as the rescue of Madame de Bellerive from the ordeal by water are wild enough, they are not



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more so than is appropriate to such a subject; and the objection that a Madame de Mercalme and an Abbé Billault are too simply fiendish to pass for human portraiture, will not proceed from anybody having any familiarity with the natural history of popular delusions. The novel goes as far as a novel may dare, and is not easy to lay down, despite its length, till it is finally closed.

"THECLA'S VOW"

"Thecla's Vow," according to A. Gallenga's account of it (Smith, Elder, and Co.), was surely the strangest on record. In a fit of pique with her husband, who had found fault with her for having talked too much to a visitor of whom he felt a little inclined to be jealous, she made a vow that she would be dumb for the rest of her life—and kept it. That she gradually alienated her husband by such idiotic obstinacy is not surprising; that she talked, that is to say wrote, a terrible amount of nonsense in defence of the binding nature of a fit of bad temper was, no doubt, inevitable. Nevertheless her pen rendered her one of the forces of Italian patriotism from 1830 to 1859, and our chief quarrel with this singular novel is that it gives too much history in the way of its dry bones. The opportunity is missed, by one who clearly could have used it, of depicting the inner life of the earlier and more interesting period of the story. For the rest, no collector of psychological curiosities should fail to add the case of Thecla Barozzi to his museum.

"SENT TO COVENTRY"

Esmé Stuart's "Sent to Coventry" (John Long) may be best described, and recommended, as a collection of sharply pronounced bits of character connected by a story, which, though of little consequence on its own account, serves its purpose. Its interest has two centres: one a woman of rank and wealth who is trying in vain to find the remedy for a great sorrow in forgetfulness; the other a farmer's daughter who converts her own disappointments into opportunities for being of help to others. The two are brought together into sympathetic contrast very effectively. But, when all is said, it is in such minor characters as the grumbling Mrs. Leworthy and those exceedingly quaint old maids, Dora and Dulcie, that will be found the bulk of his entertainment. It is altogether pleasant and easy reading.

"OVERLOOKED"

The name of Hawker on the title-page of a North Devon story should be a guarantee of fidelity to local colour, both in scenery and portraiture; and so it proved to be in the case of "Overlooked," by Bessy Hawker (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co.). Old Gammon the turf-cutter's criticism on a clerical *locum tenens* can scarcely be a mere piece of literary invention—"I was glad to see passon back, that I wor. The chap as tuk the dooty was a pore sort. I couldn't stomach 'ee nohow. He come here, time and agen, tellin' up 'bout Heaven and Hell. Very good places, both, no doubt, and vine accordin' to his spakin'; but there—old England's good enough for me." The story itself is of one Rosamond Ferrers, who was taught to find her own heart by the spectacle of a heart that was broken; and this second story within a story is based upon that belief in the Evil Eye which is not even yet, in rural England, a thing of yesterday. It is all very prettily told, and, especially in its clerical and rustic sketches, not without humour.

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"The Coming of Love"

A HANDSOME new edition of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's "The Coming of Love" will be found very interesting by all readers of "Aylwin." Not merely is the romance of the poem curiously interwoven with the novel so as to make it almost like a sequel, although written much earlier, but it is concerned with those same Romany types whose lives so fascinate the poet. Certain notable facts come out in the preface to "The Coming of Love," for instance, that "Aylwin" was first begun as a poem. Again, Mr. Watts-Dunton has a very picturesque way of putting things, and describing a writer's methods, when he says:—"If the allusions to Rhona's lover, Percy Aylwin, in the prose story have been, in some degree, misunderstood by some readers—if there is any danger of Henry Aylwin, the hero of the novel, being confounded with Percy Aylwin, the hero of this poem—it only shows how difficult it is for the poet or the novelist (who must needs see his characters from the concave side only) to realise that it is the convex side only which he can present to his reader." But if this volume does not reveal the concave side at all, it at least concentrates additional light on the convex side. Particularly interesting are some of the author's comments on Romany types, and the way in which some Gypsy girls are drawn towards a "Tarno Rye," or young Englishman, a fact due, as some have thought—and Borrow among them—to "that infirmity of the Romany Chal which causes the girls to take their own part without appealing to their men companions for aid—that lack of muscular chivalry among the men of their own race." For though Mr. Watts-Dunton has a very soft place in the corner of his heart for the Romany *chir*, he has no hesitation in saying that "one of the great racial specialities of the Romany is the superiority of the women to the men. For it is not merely in intelligence, in imagination, in command of our language, in comparative breadth of view regarding the Gorgio world that the Romany women (in Great Britain at least) leave the men far behind. In everything that goes to make nobility of character this supremacy is equally noticeable. To imagine a gipsy hero is, I will confess, rather difficult." The Romany's virility has been damped by oppression, in short. The volume contains, besides the glowing and beautiful "Coming of Love," various poems, including "Christmas at the Mermaid." ("The Coming of Love." By Theodore Watts-Dunton. John Lane.)

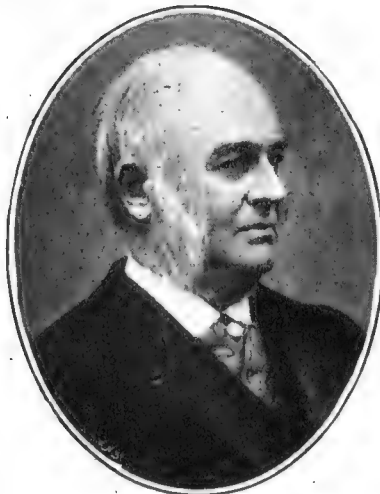
Competition Supplement

The *Golden Penny* Supplement which we give away this week gives an excellent idea of the wide range and variety of the articles and stories which the paper contains every week, and in it may be found the explanation of the fact that the circulation has so rapidly mounted up during the past few months. The lives of famous people told in anecdote, the excellent articles by such writers as H. W. Lucy, Archibald Forbes, Percy Selous, Mr. Spencer, the aeronaut—all these and many other noticeable contributions have combined to

bring forth the very general acknowledgment that *The Golden Penny* is the best penny paper of its day. The Supplement, by the way, includes an interesting picture competition, which all may try to solve, while a most interesting announcement is to the effect that the number for the fourth of next month will contain the first instalment of a thrilling new serial by Mr. John Oxenham, who is known to readers of *The Graphic* as well as of *The Golden Penny*. *The Golden Penny*, it should be noted, is also arranging a series of important photographic competitions, which should be of the greatest interest to amateur photographers.

The Late Mr. William Laird

MR. WILLIAM LAIRD, who died at Birkenhead on Tuesday night, was the eldest son of Mr. J. Laird, M.P., and was born in 1831. He was the senior partner in the firm of Laird Brothers, ship-builders, of Birkenhead. Mr. Laird was three times Mayor of Birkenhead. He was a prominent Conservative in the district, and had more than once been asked to become a candidate for Parliament for the borough. The firm of Laird Brothers was the first to introduce iron vessels, and was the pioneer of steam navigation. It has turned out several battleships and quite a fleet of gunboats and torpedo-boats for the Admiralty. During the American War Messrs. Laird built fifteen mortar vessels and fourteen gunboats in eight months.—Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THE LATE MR. WILLIAM LAIRD

The Crisis in the Philippines

THE situation in the Philippines has been going from bad to worse. An insurgent army, numbering over 20,000, concentrated round Manila, and some severe fighting ensued. The American troops, under General Otis, seem to have behaved very well. The fighting took place over a vast area, the American and Filipino lines forming a semi-circle fully seventeen miles in extent. General Otis, in his despatch, says:—"Our casualties probably aggregate 250. The casualties of the insurgents were very heavy. We have buried some 500 of their dead, and hold 500 prisoners. Their killed, wounded and prisoners will probably reach 4,000. We took the water-works and pumping station six miles out. Telegrams from Washington say that the campaign against the insurgents is to be prosecuted with vigour. In the meantime, Aguinaldo has issued a proclamation declaring war against the Americans, and suspending the Filipino Constitution. Agoncillo, Aguinaldo's agent in Washington, left that city in a hurry, and has gone to Montreal. He states that he had been unable to communicate with Aguinaldo owing to the censorship in the United States.



GENERAL OTIS
In Command of the American Forces in the Philippines



SEÑOR AGONCILLO
Aguinaldo's Agent in America

The Gordon Memorial College Fund

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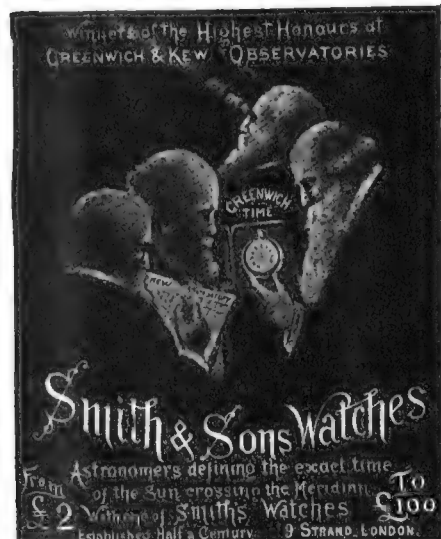
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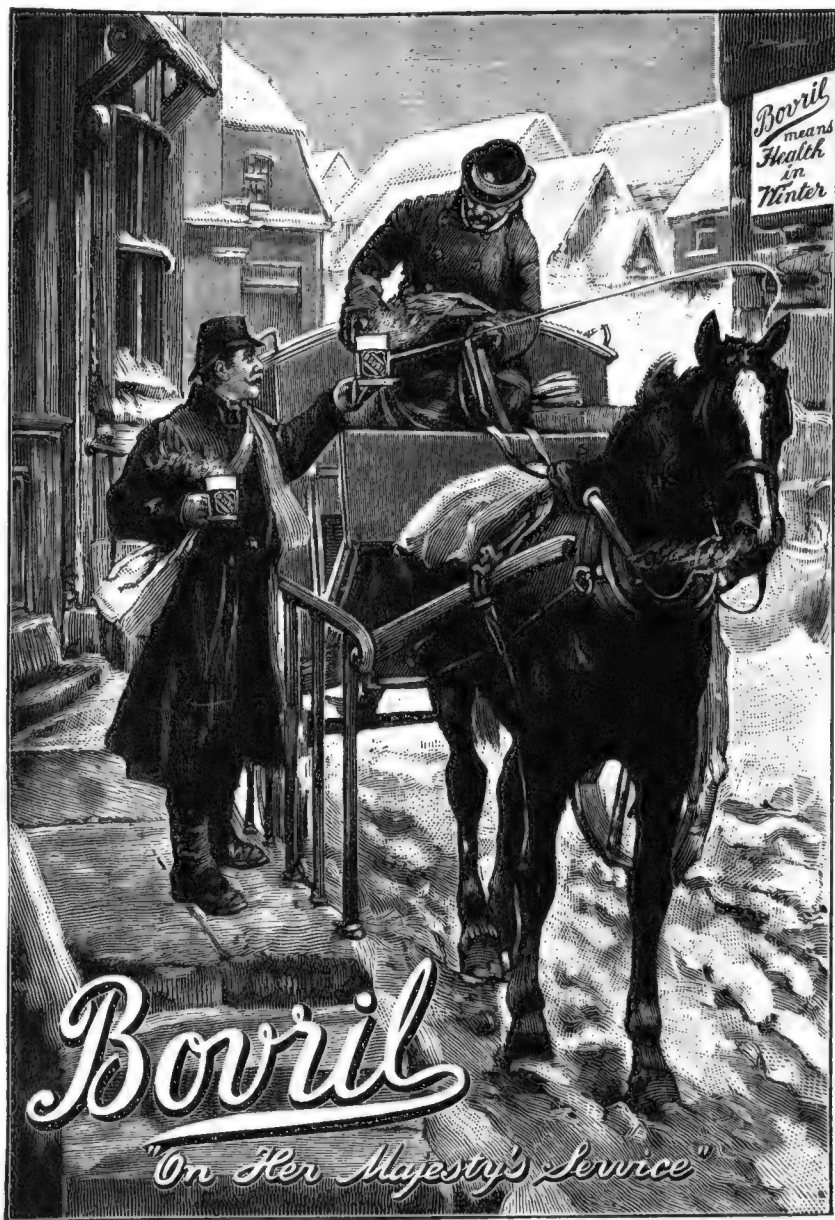
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President Aguinaldo

THE President of the Republic of the Philippine Islands. That is the title which Emilio Aguinaldo, the man who has of late been playing so conspicuous a part in the destinies of the islands in the Pacific, has selected for himself, the title by which, indeed, a few months since, he was proclaimed to the people who have learned to stand, if not in awe, at least in profound reverence and admiration of him.

A strange creature, indeed, is this self-styled President of the Republic of the Philippine Islands, a subject to be treated in yellows, perhaps, by an impressionist painter, a personage to be reckoned with by the mere student of psychology, for evidently he is no ordinary mortal.

A son of the Far East, all its innate subtlety and all its fantastic craft are his by birthright, yet veneered over, and not too thickly, by the civilisation and the refinement of the West.

Born some eight-and-twenty years ago in Cavite, where, before he began his siege of Manila, he had made his headquarters, he was, nevertheless, educated in part in Europe. The son of a rich merchant with a commanding influence, Aguinaldo was, by favour, educated by the priests, and after leaving the native schools he was sent to Madrid in order to study theology, as it was the parental intention to make him a priest. After two years devoted to the work, however, Aguinaldo found theology not to his liking, and migrated to Paris to study medicine. After a time, however, he decided to return home, and on his arrival he at once attached himself to a native regiment in which natives were allowed to become officers of a lower grade than captain.

He got a lieutenancy, and presently he organised a revolt. On parade the men shot their Spanish officers and took to the woods. Five thousand men were under his banner during this insurrection, in which he gained many victories, but after peace was concluded he was obliged to flee in order to save his life.

When the war broke out between Spain and the United States, he was still watching for an opportunity to organise another revolt. The resourcefulness, the dare-devil courage, the reckless determination of the man are fully shown by the following circumstance. During the insurrection, the Governor-General of the Philippines offered a reward of 5,000*l.* for Aguinaldo's head. After a while he received a letter written by Aguinaldo himself, in which he stated:—

"I want money very badly, and I will deliver my head to you myself."

A week or two after a priest appeared at the Governor-General's house. The sentinels at the gate made their obeisance and the priest passed on. "Is His Excellency in?" asked the priest. "Yes," replied the attendant. In due course the priest was shown into the Governor's room.

The Governor was alone.

"Benedicite," said the priest as he entered, and as he stood by the door he quietly turned the key in the lock.

The Governor-General looked up. The priest threw back his

hood, took off his cloak. A man with a sword as sharp as a razor stood in his place. It was Emilio Aguinaldo.

"I have brought Aguinaldo's head," he laughed. "Take it and pay me the reward. Be quick," he added peremptorily, "for I am in a hurry."

The Governor-General looked up and saw the gleaming sword. The Governor-General paid the money. Aguinaldo picked up his cloak, replaced the hood, and the priest withdrew from the Governor-General's room. Plots have been formed by his enemies to remove him from the sphere of his activities. This is understandable when it is remembered that natives who were members of the revolutionary forces have seceded to the Spaniards and then seceded back again from them to the revolutionists. Under the circumstances the wonder is, not that Aguinaldo lives, but that he was ever allowed to wonder is, not that Aguinaldo lives, but that he was ever allowed to reach the distinguished position which he has achieved for himself. Perhaps it is the dare-devil trait of his nature



EMILIO AGUINALDO
President of the Republic of the Philippine Islands

such modes of action that he has been able to maintain his position, and to go "greatening on" to that which he holds to-day.

"And what manner of man physically," will it be asked, "is this

commands a certain respect. Perhaps, too, his summary method of dealing with his enemies, and the means he takes to find out what is being done against him have something to do with the apparently charmed life he bears.

On one occasion a plot was formed to assassinate him one night when he was attending an entertainment. Aguinaldo discovered not only the plot but the man who had been deputed to carry it out. Next day the man was found with a knife through his heart. Attached to the handle of the knife was a paper with four words, and four words only, written on it. The words were, "A warning to assassins." It is, no doubt, only by

President of the Republic of the Philippines?" A dominant personality built in the heroic mould, with stalwart figure, strong limbs, and a suggestion of strength? No. A little man, short, slight, with yellow skin, beady eyes, and up-turned eyebrows, a Japanese cast of features, with short, black hair and a slight moustache. A little yellow man, invariably dressed in spotless white; his Orientalism betraying itself in ordinary attire in the gold-embroidered scarlet velvet shoes he wears, and finding full scope in the garments which he has devised for himself for parade, when he arrays himself in a splendid uniform, covers his short, stiff, black hair with a cocked hat brave with Siamese pheasants' feathers, and girdles his waist with a jewelled belt, from which depends a sword. But in the field all this is put on one side, and he contents himself with a brown canvas suit, with a rifle and cartridge belt. Emilio Aguinaldo, President of the Republic of the Philippine Islands, is evidently a man of whom the world will yet hear a great deal.

Bural Notes

THE SEASON

ALTHOUGH there are no conditions assuring us of the weather continuing long in one stay, the first ten days of February have had a very decidedly lower mean temperature as a whole than any previous period of ten days since the latter part of March, 1898. This will have served to arrest the growth of the wheat plant, to check the flow of sap in shrubs, and to hold back, very fortunately, the early fruit trees. The frosts will have done a good deal to pulverise the ground, rendering it friable, and a good tilth by a series of minute explosion of the water in the clouds. The reports from the early flocks are not, we regret to say, so good as one had hoped, but it is a moot point whether the cold "snap" can be blamed for this. The balance of opinion rather is that the preceding wet and muggy period is the reason why so many of the ewes are out of condition, and why a larger number than usual of the lambs have died. The floods of a fortnight ago have subsided very rapidly, this being only what from the dry state of the subsoil was to be expected. The sales of landed properties during the first five weeks of the year are singularly encouraging, good prices and good demand being steadily maintained. This looks as though the charms of English country life were beginning to lure back to the shire and the village some at least of those who have for now twenty years shown a persistent tendency to "concentrate" in the cities.

FARMERS AND COMMERCE

The latest panacea, not for trade but for agricultural depression, is a Minister of Commerce! This gentleman, we are assured, would prevent "twelve millions a year being spent on foreign animals, seven millions on feeding barley, four on oats, twenty-six on wheat, eleven on flour, ten on bacon, four on ham, five on beef, six on mutton, sixteen on butter, five on cheese, and as much on eggs, poultry and game, all from abroad." How the unfortunate

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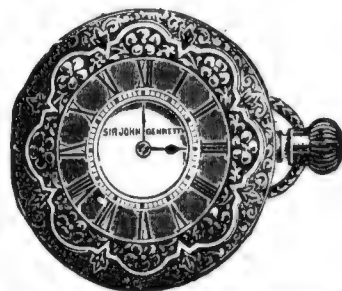
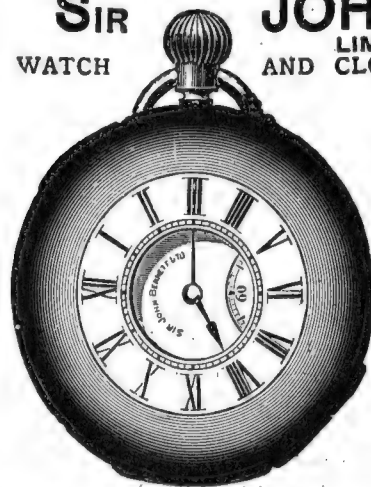
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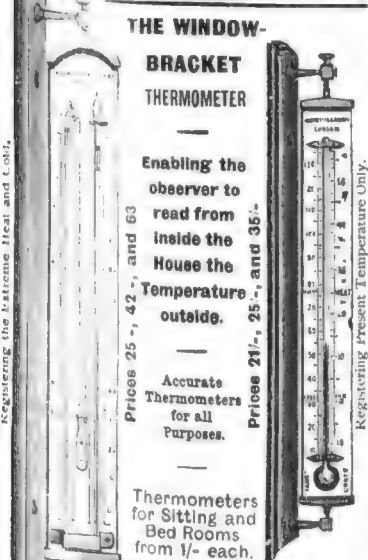
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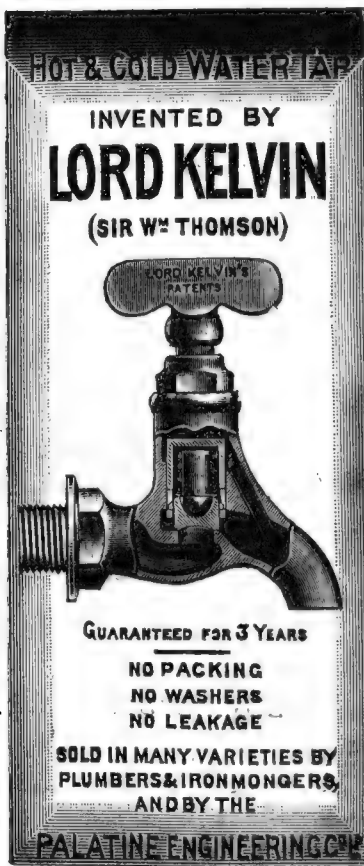
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Minister is to accomplish the task of producing these articles within the four seas is not explained. A heavy protectionist duty would do all that is needed even without the appointment of the Minister, but that is just what the nation decided in 1846 that it would not have, and if the repeal of the Free Trade Act is mooted, let it be so stated in plain terms. Even then it is not easy to say how we could grow an extra twenty-three million quarters of wheat, which would require an increase of six million acres in the present area under that cereal. If six million acres of pasture were broken up for the purpose we should need more feeding barley and oats from abroad, and so the outcry would break forth afresh. The importing foreign produce should not be confounded with the too frequent sale of such produce as English.

EAST COUNTRY NOTES

Farmers in East Anglia are not very satisfied with the outlook, though the fit state of the land for barley-sowing is a great point to the good. The fall in wheat prices has come as a blow to many farmers who had held all through the autumn in hopes that winter would send prices up. Ordinarily it would have done so, but in December we learnt that the Russian wheat crop had been underestimated by four million quarters at least, and in January the American crop was returned at eighty-four million quarters, or nine millions better than in any previous year. With news of good new yields, both in La Plata and in Australasia, the wheat markets are naturally dull, and may not impossibly go lower instead of recovering. Another complaint comes from owners of sheep, which seem

to have made a poor return on the winter's feed. Hogget mutton is not worth more than 9s. per stone of 14 lb., and at this price in the feeding and care is not repaid. Beef is paying better than in 1898, but milk is very hard to sell at a profit, and English farmers are not the steady breeders of veal that their French neighbours have long since been, much to their own advantage. The agricultural labourer has a poor time of it at the current wages of twelve shillings a week, but farmers are so obviously having a hard fight of it themselves that there is less discontent than might be supposed. The increase of poaching is a trouble, but the very heavy preserving, not for local benefit but for shooting tenants, has something to do with it.

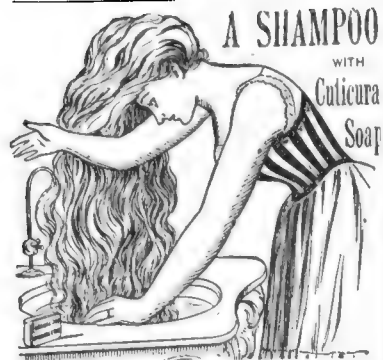
GRASSES FOR THE MEADOW

Which are the most productive grasses? Mr. R. H. Elliott, a recognised authority on pasturage and pastoral farming, says that cocksfoot, tall fescue and tall oat grass are the most satisfactory in this respect, while in the second rank come timothy, Italian rye grass, perennial rye grass and meadow fescue. The third grade consists of golden oat grass, smooth-stalked meadow grass and hard fescue, while crested dogtail, wood meadow grass, and fine-leaved fescue, are to be ranked as distinctly "unproductive" sorts of grass. The making of a pasture is, of course, a difficult art, and Mr. Elliott's investigations must not be taken as meaning that farmers should make a pasture with the three most productive kinds. With respect to sowing they indeed tell rather the other way, as the least

productive will require the more to be sown where they are used at all. There is no branch of knowledge which pays a farmer better than a practical knowledge of the different grasses, but if he does not feel sure of his own acquaintance therewith, he will often have cause to congratulate himself if he employs an agricultural analyst to walk with him round the neighbouring fields, and then advise him on his own sowings. The "analyst" is only the current term for the expert who is a botanist and judge of crops as well.

THE LAST OF JU-JU

It seems almost a pity that a young and well-grown animal, the winner of the Champion Cup at Smithfield, should go to the butcher, but such, of course, is the usual destiny of fat stock, and the Earl of Strathmore's beautiful Aberdeen-Angus heifer has been no exception to the rule. It is some consolation to know, that as irreverent legatees have been heard to say of their benefactors, she "cut up well." The proportion of dead to live weight was as 7,103 to ten thousand, which is decidedly above the average. The hide weighed 66 pounds, the loose fat 135 pounds, the whole carcass 1,248 pounds. The proportion of loose fat, more than a hundred-weight, will seem large to general readers, who, therefore, may be assured that it is less than ordinary with fat Christmas stock. The butcher's verdict was "a grand body of beef of good colour and a fine cutter." The amount of money won by Ju-Ju for her owner was 785*l.* in cash, and this, of course, does not include cups and prizes, which in theory, at all events, are supposed to escape the melting-pot.



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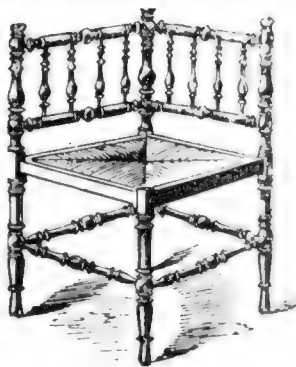
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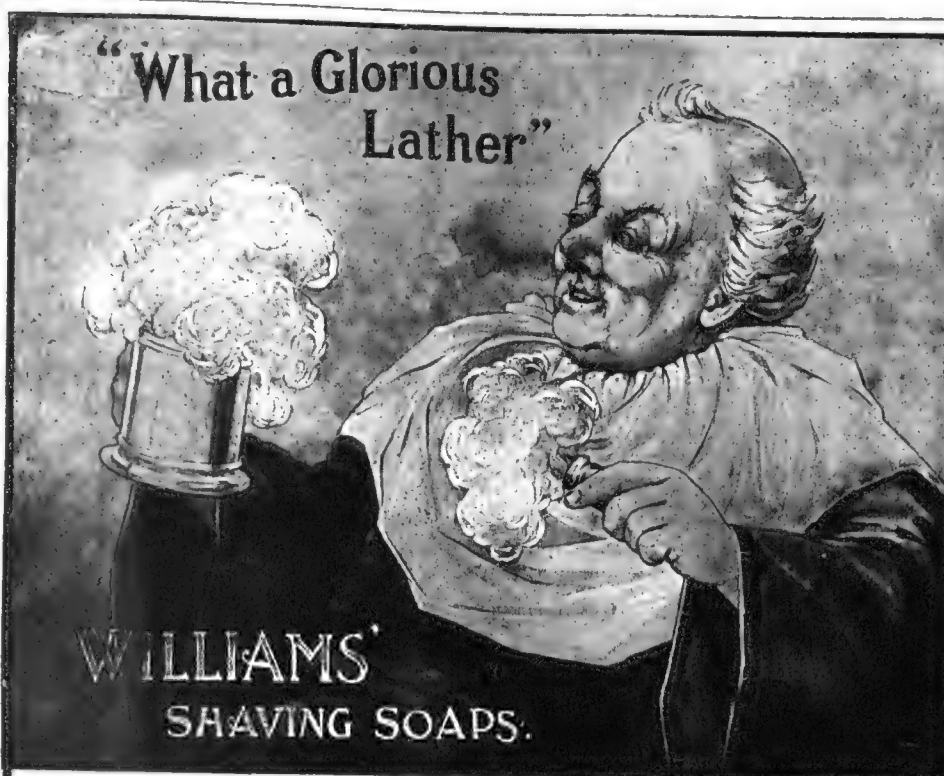
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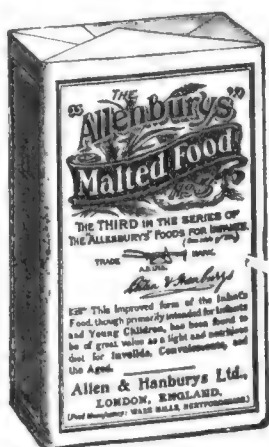
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Sold everywhere in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., & 4s. 6d.
SIX GOLD MEDALS
Printed at 12 Milford Lane, by GEORGE ROBERT PARKER and AUGUSTUS FILDES THOMAS, and Published by them at 100, Strand, in the County of London.—FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

MILLIONS
The International Health Association, organised to supply the public with standard preparations of sterling merit, and whose remarkably successful productions are esteemed wherever tried, has decided to make an important sacrifice to familiarise the Public with the best, most scientific, and most agreeable Cures for a
COUGH
namely, the **CLARION COUGH CURE**—delicious in flavour and extraordinary in efficacy. Any reader of this advertisement who mentions this paper, and who will call at or send to the New Offices, **110 & 111, STRAND** (near Hotel Cecil), any time during this winter, will be presented with one 2/9 Bottle for 1/9. In order to ensure that the large number of Bottles which we are thus offering below cost shall be widely distributed, we shall be compelled to limit each application to One Bottle only.
To save any of our numerous patrons from calling
NEEDLESSLY
at the old Premises, we beg to draw attention to the above New Address, to which we have removed in consequence of the demolition of the Old Palace of Henry VIII., Fleet Street.
Whether for child or adult, no Cough Cure is more pleasing or effective than the "CLARION" COUGH CURE,
in Bottles at 1/1½ and 2/9 (the latter three times the size of the former).
I.H.A., 110 & 111, STRAND, LONDON, makers of the Clarion Pastilles and Royal-Clarion Voice Pills.
The International Health Association boasts among its patrons:—
Madame Sarah Bernhardt
Mdme. Belle Cole
Chevalier Odoardo Barri
Mr. W. S. Penley ("Charley's Aunt")
Miss Decima Moore
Miss V. St. Lawrence
Miss Kate James
Mr. Ben Nathan
Mr. R. G. Knowles
Mr. Cyril Benbow
Mr. Edwd. Edwardes
and a host of other distinguished persons.
"Your Royal-Clarion Voice Pills are marvellous. I take one before every performance." (Signed) **SARAH BERNHARDT.** 1896.
Clergymen, Barristers, Orators, Musicians, Teachers, Military Officers, and Hospital Nurses know the intrinsic value of the "Clarion" brand preparations of the International Health Association. Should your Chemist not stock them, send direct to **I.H.A., 110 & 111, STRAND, London.** Do not experiment with unknown compositions.
A Hospital Nurse writes:—"For over five years I had suffered from relaxed and hospital throat. Am much better after first box. Your Royal-Clarion Voice Pills are truly excellent."
Clarion Cough Cure, in Bottles, 1/1½ and 2/9. **Royal-Clarion Voice Pills**, in Boxes, 1/1½ and 2/9. **Clarion Pastilles**, in Tins, 1/1½ and 2/9.
Omnibuses from all parts pass the door of our New Premises, 110 and 111, STRAND.

MARIANI WINE
MARIANI WINE Quickly restores **HEALTH, STRENGTH, ENERGY & VITALITY.**
FORTIFIES, STRENGTHENS, STIMULATES & REFRESHES THE BODY & BRAIN.
HASTENS CONVALESCENCE especially after **INFLUENZA.**
FOR GENERAL DEBILITY, EXHAUSTION & WANT OF ENERGY.
MARIANI WINE IS DELIVERED FREE TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM by WILCOX & CO., 83, Mortimer St., London, W., 4/- per bottle, 22/6 half-dozen, 45/- per dozen. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE writes that he has "fully appreciated the beneficial effects of this tonic wine, and has forwarded to M. Mariani, as a token of his gratitude, a gold medal bearing his august effigy."
Professor CHARLES FAUVEL writes: "Of all tonics, and I have tried almost all, not one equals Mariani Wine: highly esteemed by the medical profession in France and other countries. I use it personally and for my family, and I have prescribed it during twenty years with unvarying satisfaction to myself and my patients."

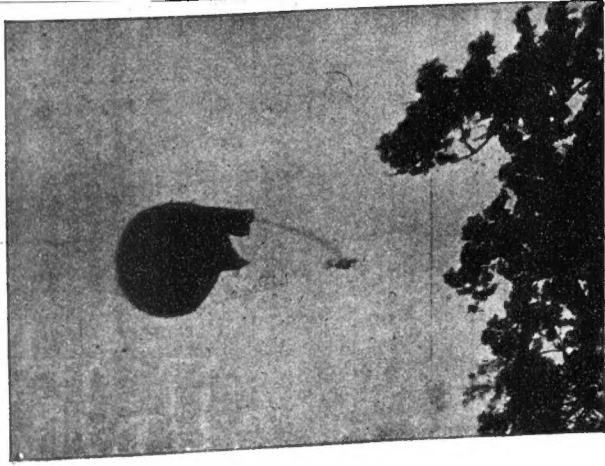
THE GOLDEN PENNY.

ADVENTURES IN THE AIR.

THE SENSATIONS OF PARACHUTING.
By STANLEY SPENCER.

What it feels like to jump on to the Parachute.

The accompanying series of pictures represent the ascent of the balloon and a detach-

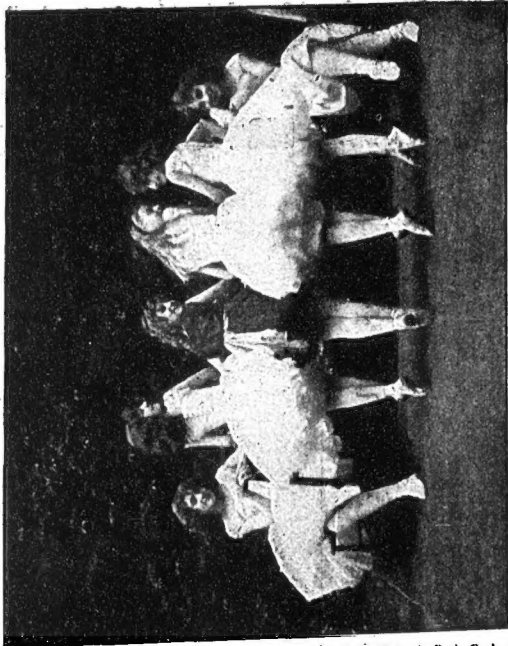


WATCHING FOR A CLEAR SPACE FOR THE PARACHUTE DESCENT.

ment of the parachute, and its course downwards; and a few personal remarks from the aeronaut may be interesting. Upon ascending the eye is first attracted by the crowds of onlookers underneath, and next by the districts immediately surrounding. One is rapidly carried upwards, and in a minute or so, at an altitude of a thousand feet, there is a most extended view. Seated upon a thin rope sling, holding in one's hand the ring of the parachute, which is shortly to become the sole support, there is not the giddy sensation which one would feel in overlooking the low parapet of a house; but, on the other hand, a quiet and comfortable feeling, which gives confidence, enables one to take a careful view round, observe the country for miles, and devote closer attention to the nature of the ground more immediately below upon which the descent is to be made. Having waited until a comparatively clear spot is visible in the course underneath, one prepares for and takes a leap downwards; the parachute is attached to a cord, which breaks with the weight of the aeronaut, and then commences the sheer drop of some hundreds of feet while the parachute is opening—a few anxious seconds—then a pleasant tug informs the traveller that his weight is supported by the canopy overhead. Thence all is delightful sailings as if one were a bird with outstretched wings, until the ground is reached. [The remainder of this article appeared in the "G.P." Jan. 7.]

A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

AS SEEN FROM THE STAGE.
Illustrated with Photographs specially taken at the Triller School, Madame Cavalazzi-Mapleson's, &c.
For weeks before troupes of dancers, named "Daisies," "Jonquils," "Starlights," "Eloc-tric," as the case may be, whose clever dancing will add so much to the attractiveness of the particular "show" which has retained their services, have been practising diligently the new dances which the inventive genius of D'Auban, Madame Mapleson, Katti Lanner, Will Bishop, or John Tiller has evolved. [The school where they practice so diligently before huge looking-glasses which start on the floor—] [The remainder of this article appeared in the "G.P." December 31, 1898.]



YOUNG DANCERS PRACTISING AT THE BAR.

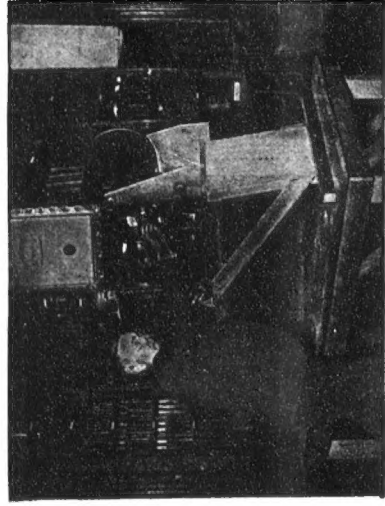


"SHE GAVE AND SAT DOWN BY HIS SIDE, ROLLED A DANNY CIGARETTE, AND SMOKED IT WITH ENJOYMENT." Drawn by Frances Egan for our new serial "A Princess of Vascony," which commences March 4

THE ANECDOTAL SIDE OF EDISON.

A GROUP OF STORIES OF THE GREAT INVENTOR AND "WIZARD OF MENLO PARK," AS TOLD BY HIS INTIMATE FRIENDS.

Illustrated with Photographs of Mr. Edison, who gave a series of sittings to the Artist for this Article.



all about the offer. 'Two months or more passed before he again met his friend. "Ah!" said Edison, "you never brought me those queer cigars for my friends." "Yes," said the man, "I certainly did, two weeks after I saw you, and I left them with your manager." "Well," said the great inventor, "that's strange; I wonder where they can be?" "Let us inquire of your manager," was suggested. And they did. "Why," said that person, "I packed them in your valise, Mr. Edison, when you went to California." "Great snakes!" exclaimed Edison; "then I must have smoked them myself." And he had. [The remainder of this article appeared Jan. 14]

WITH HIS LATEST APPARATUS.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE play of Edison's mind is as wonderful as the characteristic way in which he does his reading. Outside of his technical reading he never reads a book unless it is spoken of to him by his wife or some friend. Then he sits down and reads until he has finished it. One evening he happened to be unusually engrossed with some "problem," and was nervously pacing up and down his library like a caged lion.

To divert his thoughts his wife came in and picked up the first book she saw. It happened to be "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"Have you ever read this story?" said Mrs. Edison to her husband.

He stopped and looked at the title.

"No, I never have. Is it good?"

Mrs. Edison assured him that it was.

"All right, I guess I'll read it now," and within two minutes the "problem," whatever it was, had been forgotten and he was absorbed in Dumas' great story. As he finished the book he noticed the light of day peeping in, and on looking at his watch found it was five o'clock in the morning.

No sooner had he laid down the book than the forgotten "problem" jumped into his mind, and putting on his hat he went to his laboratory and worked unceasingly, without food or sleep, for thirty-six hours.

Enemies Necessary to Success.

Speaking once to one of his employees Edison said: "The trouble with you is that you're too popular. If you want to succeed, get some enemies."

Has some Cigars made for his Friends.

When the general office of Edison's company was first started in New York there was always a box of good cigars on the inventor's desk, and these were at the service of all his friends. One day Mr. Edison complained to a friend that his hospitality was abused, that he could never keep any of his Havana's, and as he could never by any possible chance think to lock his desk, he didn't know what he should do in the matter. "Why," said the intimate friend in the business, and I will have him make you up a special box of cigars filled with cabbage leaves and all sorts of vile-smelling stuff, that will cure your friends." Edison thanked him, and straightway forgot

THE PESSIMIST.

Nothing to do but work,
Nothing to eat but food,
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep one from going nude.
Nothing to breathe but air,
Quick as a flash 'tis gone;
Nowhere to fall but off,
Nowhere to stand but on.
Nothing to comb but hair,
Nowhere to sleep but in bed;
Nothing to weep but tears,
Nothing to bury but dead.
Nothing to sing but songs,
Ah, well, alas! alas!
Nowhere to go but out,
Nowhere to come but back.
Nothing to see but sights,
Nothing to quench but thirst,
Nothing to have but what we've got;
Thus thro' life we are cursed.
Nothing to strike but a gait;
Everything moves that goes.
Nothing at all but common sense
Can ever withstand these woes.

TO CYCLE ON THE RAILWAY.

The cyclist of the future will hardly be able to complain of his interests being neglected, for in many towns the new streets are constructed with a special track for wheelmen, and doubtless the time is not far distant when our roads will be equally divided between cyclists, pedestrians, and vehicles. In newer countries, however, the only road to be met with is often their way along which the tram travel, and an ingenious inventor has shown below how the cyclist may avail himself of this



CYCLING ON THE RAILWAY.

CELEBRATED KENNELS.

II.—THE REV. HANS HAMILTON AND HIS COLLIES.

The collie is one of the most popular breeds of dogs that we now have, and their popularity is greatly owing to the Rev. Hans Hamilton, who has for a great number of years devoted much time and care in bringing them to perfection.

As president of the Collie Club Mr. Hamilton is known to all lovers of the collie. At Woodmansterne, near Epsom, of which country residence, surrounded by ample grounds, where his dogs delight in unlimited and unbounded exercise free from the exasperating and unwelcome muzzle. Large roomy buildings with concrete floors are partitioned into various apartments for the accommodation of his pets. These kennels are warmed in winter by hot-water pipes, when excessive cold demands it, and perfect ventilation throughout the range of kennels is made a feature in the management.

[The remainder of this article appeared in the "G.P." December 17, 1898.]



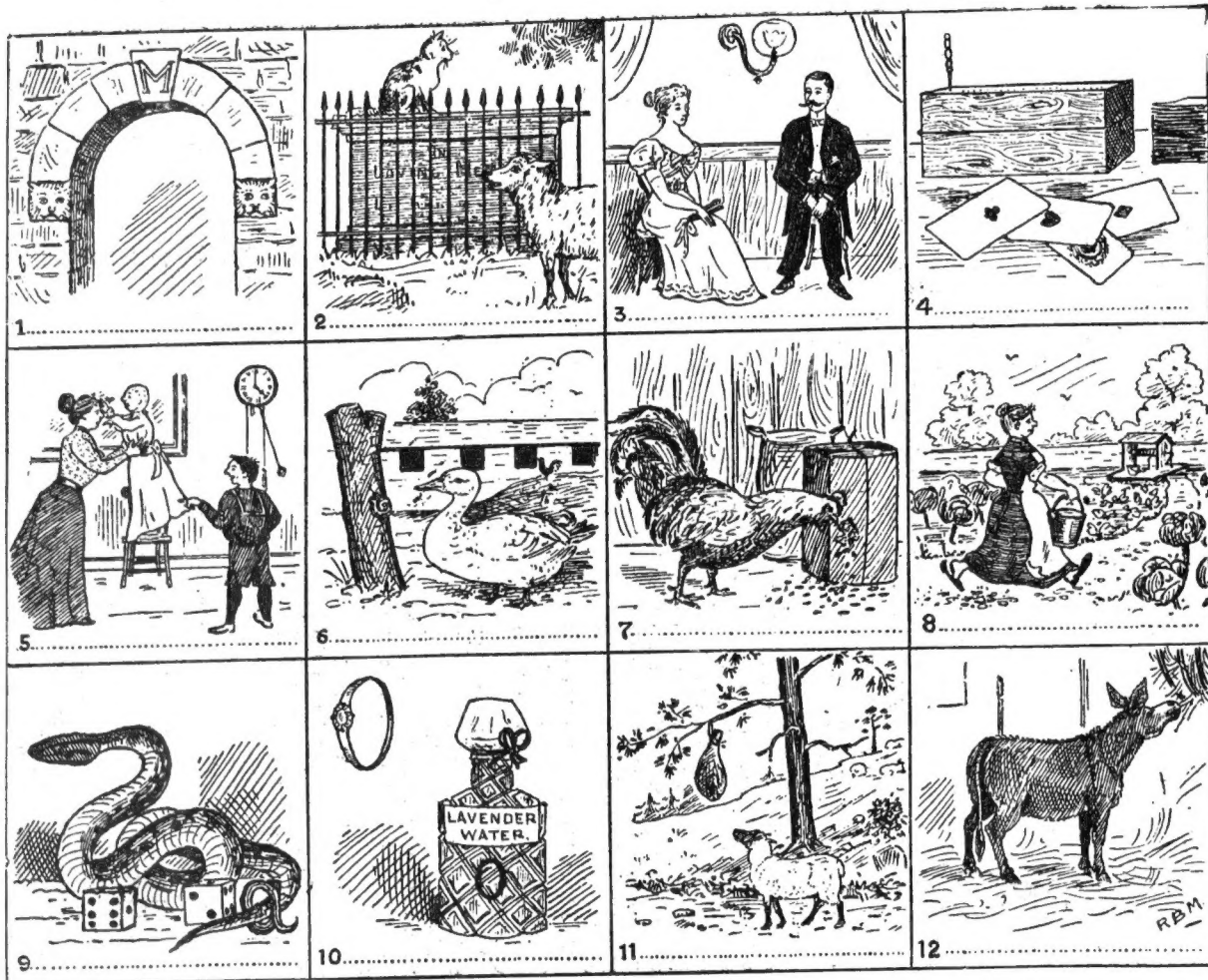
"WOODMANSTERNE TARTAN."

Winner of three Firsts, Crystal Palace, October 12th, 1898, and Collie Derby.

THE GOLDEN PENNY

The Fashionable Home Weekly.

**Picture
Competition
No. 550.**



**A
CHEQUE
FOR
One Guinea**

will be Given as the
First Prize
and there will be
**SIX CONSOLATION
PRIZES.**

The Answer to this Competi-
tion will be published in
"The Golden Penny,"
MARCH 4.

Write the Answers in the spaces
marked below the pictures, and
after filling in your name and
address here send this Page in to
THE PUZZLE EDITOR,
"The Golden Penny,"
195, Strand, London,
W.C.

Which Twelve British Ships do these Pictures represent?

NOTES FOR 1899.

One or Two Main Items in a Strong Programme.

During 1898 our immensely increasing body of readers have carried the "G.P." into the foremost place of its class. Their verdict has been so substantial and emphatic (our circulation has been doubled during the last six months), that there is nothing left us but to arrange for

GREAT THINGS IN 1899.

It is not possible, of course, to mention a tithe of a year's programme, but one or two main features may be given. To take some of the special articles which have already been arranged:—

The Anecdotal Side of Mark Twain,

Told in Stories and Anecdotes contributed to the "G.P." by his closest friends, and now published in England for the first time.

Other Eminent People, such as COUNT TOLSTOI, the EMPRESS EUGENIE, etc., will be treated with in this unique series, which will far exceed in interest the ordinary Illustrated Interview.

Her Majesty's Ministers as Wage Earners,

By HENRY W. LUCY, is another Article of exceptional interest.

Fifty Years with the Menagerie,

By the Famous Showman, DAN RICE,

Will delight all lovers of animals, for Dan will tell of the many interesting and famous beasts he has known during his long life as a Showman.

British Sea Fights,

By the Great War Correspondent, ARCHIBALD FORBES,

Describes many of the gallant deeds which are written in the annals of the British Navy.

A Hunter and Trapper's Adventures,

By PERCY SELOUS,

Will be found full of exciting stories of adventures which have befallen the famous hunter when in quest of game.

As we have already announced we have arranged for a

BRILLIANT SERIAL STORY

By JOHN OXENHAM,

Who is known to our readers as the writer of several short stories. This serial story however, is undoubtedly the most delightful thing Mr. Oxenham has ever written, and we confidently promise our readers great enjoyment from it. The Story is entitled:—

"A PRINCESS OF VASCOVY,"

And the first Instalment will be published on

March 4, 1899.

Don't miss this Number. It will be strikingly Illustrated by

FRANCES E. EWAN,

Whose charming Drawings have been so highly appreciated by "G.P." readers.

This will be followed by a Series of THRILLING SCIENTIFIC ROMANCES specially written for the *Golden Penny*, entitled:

CHRONICLES OF A SCIENTIST,

and illustrating the manner in which a man with scientific training is enabled to bring scoundrels to justice, and solve the strangest mysteries.

There are many other things which might be mentioned, but perhaps we have given enough to show our readers that while they are advancing the "G.P." in favour, we are anxious to merit increasingly their good opinion. Of course all the well-known features of the paper will go on as usual.

THE GRAPHIC, FEBRUARY 11, 1899

"The Graphic"

**The Best and Brightest
Illustrated Newspaper.**

"THE GRAPHIC," in its now permanently enlarged form, deals picturesquely with all important events at Home and Abroad, thus forming an invaluable pictorial record.

The beautiful Series of Supplements in Colour, Tone, and Black and White, include Pictures by the most famous Old Masters and Modern Artists, chosen from the principal National and Private Collections of England and the Continent, and place a most delightful Gallery of Art within the reach of all.

"The Graphic" Stories are by the Foremost Writers of the day, fully illustrated by the Best Artists. Amongst others, arrangements have been made with the following Well-known Authors for forthcoming contributions: Rider Haggard, S. R. Crockett, S. Baring-Gould, H. S. Merriman, Bret Harte, Mrs. F. A. Steel, Grant Allen, W. E. Norris, Maarten Maartens, Sir Lewis Morris, Levett-Yeats, E. F. Benson, W. W. Jacobs, and Gilbert Parker.

Offices: 190, STRAND, W.C.

"The Graphic" Gallery,

195, Strand, London, W.C.

There is now open next door to the "DAILY GRAPHIC" Office a Permanent Exhibition and Sale-room of Original Black-and-White Drawings and Pen-and-Ink Sketches by Well-known Artists, of the Illustrations which have appeared either in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC" or the "DAILY GRAPHIC."

The prices are arranged to suit every purse, and the subjects embrace every imaginable incident, including Illustrations of Military, Naval, Political, Social, Municipal, Legal, Scientific, Theatrical, Musical, and Sporting Events from every part of the world.

ADMISSION FREE.

Hours 10 to 5 p.m.

Saturdays 10 to 1 p.m.

"The Daily Graphic"

**The Most Popular
Home Newspaper of the Day.**

"THE DAILY GRAPHIC," now in its Eighth Year of Issue, contains all the Latest Telegrams and News, illustrated with Sketches of Leading Events at Home and Abroad by Popular Artists, together with Articles and Reviews by the Best Writers of the day.

For Foreign and Colonial Readers the Weekly Mail Issue of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" forms the very best Budget of News obtainable. It consists of Six Daily Issues bound in a wrapper, and is issued every Friday, price Sixpence. It can be obtained through any Newsagent in North and South Africa, North and South America, Australia, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, China, Japan, &c., or from the Publishing Office, Free by Post to any of the Countries mentioned for £2 3s. 6d. per annum.

Publishing Office: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

"The Golden Penny"

An Illustrated Home Weekly.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY," issued by the Proprietors of "THE DAILY GRAPHIC" and "THE GRAPHIC," contains Short Stories, Up-to-Date Articles, Interviews, &c., by Popular Writers, illustrated by Clever Artists. The hearty support accorded by readers of all classes has encouraged the Proprietors to enlarge the publication, and additional interesting features will be added from time to time.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY." Among Notable Contributors are S. R. Crockett, H. Rider Haggard, Bret Harte, Sir Walter Besant, Frank Stockton, W. Le Queux, John Oxenham, Florence Marryat, Fergus Hume, Fred Wishaw, and many other Well-known Writers.

"THE GOLDEN PENNY" COMPETITIONS, for which Cash Prizes are awarded every week, appeal to all Ages and all Classes. Special Prizes are offered to Colonial and Foreign Readers, and the extraordinary popularity of these is shown by the large number of replies received.

Offices: 190, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.